



# IMPROVEMENT ERA



VOL. 31

JUNE, 1928

No. 8

## Men Who Tithe

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

## Religious Training

JAMES J. DAVIS

## The Hill Cumorah

PRESIDENT A. W. IVINS

## Founded on Revelation

PRESIDENT C. W. NIBLEY

## CHANGE OF SENTIMENT

WILLARD W. BEAN

## BRIGHAM YOUNG IN 1860

PRESTON NIBLEY

## STORIES—EDEN—THE MARRY-GO-ROUND

ALBERT R. LYMAN—EDNA NELSON



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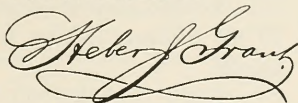


# ANNOUNCEMENT

**T**HE President and Directors of Beneficial Life Insurance Company wish to announce that by unanimous vote of the entire stock the Beneficial is now converted into a participating company as of January 1st, 1928. Beginning January 1st, 1929, we will, as often and in such amounts as is consistent with safety, distribute to the policyholders, all future net earnings of the company in excess of 3 1/3 percent on the stockholders investment. This participating benefit extends to all those now holding non-participating policies in the company as well as to holders of participating policies. All new business will be written at the low non-participating premium rates of the company. None the less, it will be fully participating. This will make the Beneficial Life, to all intents and purposes, a mutual company, operating on a lower premium basis than any participating company we know of.

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President.

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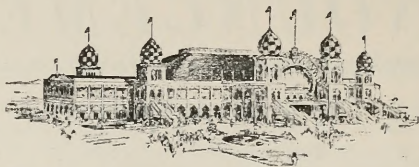
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# IMPROVEMENT ERA

JUNE, 1928

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's  
 Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of  
 the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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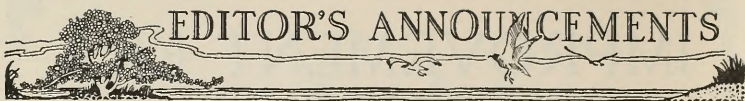
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# EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

The article "Men Who Tithe", in this number of the *Era*, was written by a nationally eminent author and first published by *The World's Work*. In an interesting way, it points out the fact that many of our country's most successful men consider themselves partners with God, to whom they gladly pay a tenth or more of all their income. Some of our readers might have had the idea that the Latter-day Saints are the only people who observe the law of tithing, or that it applies only to us. The article shows, however, that it is a fundamental principle in the lives of many others, who consider its observance necessary to their success and happiness. The example of these various men is worthy of our most sincere consideration and emulation in the matter of tithing; except that, in recognizing God as our partner, we must recognize his Church—the channel through which he operates. We firmly believe that, being a law of God, tithing should properly be paid to the Church of God, and be distributed, for the good of humanity, through God's recognized servants.

*The Era* is justly proud in having among its contributors this month an outstanding man of the Nation. U. S. Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, on invitation of Superintendent George Albert Smith of the Y. M. M. I. A., wrote "The Necessity of Religious Training in Modern Education" (page 647) especially for the *Era*. We heartily recommend the article to our readers.

If you have been uncertain as to the location of the hill Cumorah, if you have wondered whether Ramah and Cumorah were the same hill, and whether it was located in North or South America, you can settle your mind on that point by reading President A. W. Ivins' sermon published in this number (page 675). There has been much argument on this question, and the *Era* has received many letters in which inquiry was made as to the viewpoint of the Church regarding it. There should be no further need of dis-

cussion or inquiry about this matter; President Ivins has officially placed Ramah and Cumorah, and thus it should stand for all time.

June 1 will be the birthday anniversary of the mighty Pioneer and Prophet of God—President Brigham Young. With the multitude in "Mormondom", we pause to give especial respect and reverence to his honored name and memory on his natal day. For a most interesting and vivid pen picture of the Prophet in 1860, read the article by Preston Nibley, beginning on page 651. The description was written by Captain Richard F. Burton, world-renowned traveler, who was visiting for a few days at that time in the "City of the Saints". You'll find many other interesting items in the article.

*Salesmanship is the basic factor of our modern business life.* And what is *advertising* but *group salesmanship*? As all sales work is not intensive—done with an order book and pencil at hand,—so all advertising is not placed with the expectation of a certain percentage of direct returns. Often the "best salesman on the force" is appointed to form the acquaintance of a prospective buyer and associate with him in every way possible; is carefully instructed to avoid any reference to goods or buying, but diplomatically to establish his *confidence and good will*. This form of missionary work, in both personal salesmanship and advertising, is necessary to the success of big business. Without the *confidence and good will* of the buying public, any business firm would soon "go to the wall". To establish this necessary confidence and good will, and to disseminate general information, much *general advertising* must be done throughout business. As an effective medium for general advertising, the *Improvement Era* stands without a peer in the intermountain country. It enters the homes of subscribers with dignity and prestige, and remains as an appreciated, permanent piece of literature. Choose the *Era* for effective *general advertising*.

## In Blossom Time

Oh, the miracle of life!  
Oh, the resurrection's boon!  
Out of the shroud another birth.  
Another season in tune  
With the infinite plan of creation,  
In the swing of the planet's range,  
To renew all life, for there is no death  
In the ceaseless circle of change.  
Life in the clear, warm air;  
Life in the soil below;  
Life in the herb and shrub and tree  
Where the vital currents flow  
With the pulsing rhythm of beauty,  
With the genesis of clime—  
And out of the promise springs the glow  
Of the beautiful blossom time.

In those creative schools wherein God's plan  
Once formed the new designs for future earths,  
What variations of these flowers began  
In richer guise of new creative births?  
Shall not the humble pansy gorgeous bloom  
In some more perfect symbol of the heart?  
Shall not the rose more attributes assume—  
Upon some future life more joy impart?  
O life infinite! What is thine is mine!  
I wait, I wait! Life grows into its prime.  
The life of earth and Heaven is divine—  
No end shall ever be to blossom time.



PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG

Whose birthday anniversary was observed on the 1st of June





Vol. XXXI

JUNE, 1928

No. 8

## Men Who Tithe\*

BY WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

*The names of the men who tithe, whose experiences are described in this article, have purposely been omitted, because the subject we wish to stress is tithing and not mere material success. Tithing is a spiritual exercise, or a psychological experiment, or a religious duty, as you will. The material rewards, extraordinary as they are, nevertheless are accounted only as secondary benefits by the men who practice tithing. Any reader who is sufficiently interested to ask us for the name and address of any or all of the men mentioned, can get them from us upon application, provided he assures us he makes the request in search of further light on the subject and not out of idle curiosity.—Editors The World's Work.*

HE WALKED slowly through the empty rooms of the little factory. He was alone in the building. As yet the machinery was not in place.

He was starting over in life; his first attempt at business had not been a success. The tiny string of credit which he had to depend upon in his new venture was made up of the faith of a few close friends rather than the calculated, mathematical confidence of banks.

When he came to a remote corner of one of the upper floors he knelt and closed his eyes and prayed.

Then he got up and went out into the world again and began his hard business fight. The machinery came, at last, and he started to make furniture. He borrowed and borrowed; his improving business records strengthened his credit.

But there was a mystery about him in the fields of credit. Although he began to look more and more safe to the credit men, he seemed to insist on giving money away. While he was borrowing, he gave. Sometimes he said "no" to those who asked for financial aid for religious or philanthropic purposes. But when he did say "yes," he said it with an alacrity that astonished the recipient. He did not give money to foolish ventures or to unsound enterprises, but it was a puzzling thing to the bankers to have him borrow from them while he was giving money freely to help others who were finding the world a hard place to live in.

But his business grew; within a few years it became well-established; his furniture became known to the trade for its honest

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\*From *The World's Work* of July, 1924. Copyright by *The World's Work*, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

quality. At last, there came a time when borrowing was no longer necessary.

His tiny string of credit had become a thousand-stranded cable; he was one of the marked successes in the furniture world.

When he died, after a well-rounded life, the mystery of his gifts was explained. It seemed that, during all his business career, he had considered that the money which he borrowed, the money which he earned, and the money which he gave away was not his own money at all; it was God's money.

Over his casket, that day of the funeral, the clergyman of the church which he had attended told the story.

"I have carried a secret about our friend," ran the gist of the clergyman's story, "which I have never been able to reveal until now. He asked me never to tell it while he was alive.

"When he was making his second start in life, so he told me, he knelt in an empty room in his new factory, and he told God that he wanted to take Him into partnership; that one-tenth of all the earnings should go to Him; and that he would use the money in all his business ventures as if it were God's money.

"That was the secret of his life," said the clergyman.

Then, at last, the bankers and the other furniture manufacturers and his friends and associates knew why this man had given away money even while he was borrowing it.

One of the great furniture manufacturers of Grand Rapids recently told me this story; every other manufacturer in that great furniture center knows about the good furniture that was made with God's money.

It would be a posthumous violation of this furniture manufacturer's secret to give his name in this widely read magazine.

"It's a silent partnership, you know," he told his clergyman-confessor.

But there's many a home in the United States today that is graced with the honest furniture that was made by this man with what he considered God's funds.

#### A SEATTLE GIRL, THIRTY YEARS AGO

I don't suppose that any one knows where that Salvation Army girl is now.

"CHARLIE" PAGE, of Tulsa and Sands Springs, Oklahoma, paid his first tithe when he was down to his last dollar and fifteen cents. He did a little better than a tenth, as he gave the fifteen cents. Since then he has been working with God's money, and it has come in millions through the discovery of oil. Everything Page has touched since he paid that first fifteen cents has coined money for him. It is as much God's money as his, he says.

If you were to hunt for her, you would have to seek among white-haired women and find one who had been a Salvation Army girl in the city of Seattle about thirty years ago. And then you would have to refresh her memory, for the incident was a passing one—very small and easily forgotten.

She was standing on the sidewalk, so the story goes, when a young man came out of a saloon. She smiled and shook her tambourine at him. She didn't know that this young man had been a partner of "Dude" Lewis in the real estate business, and that the firm was busted; she didn't know that "Dude" Lewis was, a quarter of a century or more later, to be known as United States Senator J. Ham Lewis. Neither did she know that this young man was to become, in a strange way, one of the rich oil-finders of the United States—Charles Page, of Tulsa and Sand Springs, Oklahoma. So she only smiled and shook her tambourine.

"I'm broke," said the young man. "I'm down to my last dollar."

"Well, why don't you tithe?" she asked, still smiling.

"Tithe? What does that mean?" asked the young fellow.

"Why, the Bible says that we ought to give one-tenth of what we have to the Lord," she explained.

"All right!" said the youth. "I've got a dollar and fifteen cents. I'll do better than one-tenth. I'll give fifteen cents."

He tossed the fifteen cents into the tambourine and went his way.

You'd have to ask this white-haired woman, if you found her, whether she remembered this passing incident; and she would probably be unable to recall it. It was only a case of youth meeting a girl in a poke bonnet, a farmer boy away from home in rather shabby clothes on the sidewalk of an uncouth town, and chatting and smiling together for a moment and then going their separate ways.

But, if you could find her, you could show her an amazing thing; you could show her that her laughing Bible lesson was perhaps the most important thing she ever did in her life.

From that day, so they tell you in Tulsa, Charles Page "tithed," and more than "tithed."

"Charlie" Page has been working with "God's money" ever since.

His luck at striking oil has been phenomenal; there is a tradition in the oil fields of the country that "Charlie" Page never misses a "hole." Where he drills oil comes, they say. You cannot get Page to talk about his "partnership"; it is his own private affair. But once he told a friend, in speaking of his success at drilling:

"I think I've missed only two holes in my life. You see, I



couldn't miss, because I was in partnership with the Big Fellow and He made geology."

#### A CHILDREN'S IDEAL COMMUNITY

If there is a finer sight in this country than Sand Springs, Oklahoma, I haven't encountered it. It is a town built entirely around children who have been unfortunate in life.

"Charlie" Page's tithes did not go into the church; they went into helping children who were unlucky. He built himself a home in the country, outside of Tulsa, some years ago; then he built another home near by for children. There wasn't room in his own house for all the children in trouble. That was twenty or more years ago.

Today, if you will walk up toward the brick building which houses "Charlie" Page's children, you will be met with an onrush of boys and girls that may sweep you off your feet. That Salvation Army girl would like to see it. They all called him "Daddy" the day I went there with him. At least fifty of them tried to reach him and maul him.

There were great grounds, grassy and shaded with trees, and the children seemed to be running toward us from all directions. Upstairs in the nursery we saw little children playing who were too young to run, but they laughed when big "Charlie" Page came into the room. In other rooms we saw at least half a dozen tiny babies, too young to crawl, with nurses caring for them. When God's money takes care of babies it asks no questions.

Everything that "Charlie" Page has done to help these children has developed into a successful business enterprise; they'd tell you all about this tradition in Tulsa. He built a street car line to Tulsa from Sand Springs, and that paid. Land values went up out there and many people built homes in Sand Springs. He established a small bottling plant to bottle the spring water for use in the children's house, and the public began to buy it for table use. He wanted the children to have fresh vegetables, and his gardens have grown until they show on the right side of the ledger. He started a small plant to can vegetables and fruit for the children; now his canning business is an important industry.

Once "Charlie" Page went to New York. At Coney Island he saw the famous merry-go-round, said to be the largest ever made. There never was anything too good for the Sand Springs children; wherefore Page instructed the manufacturer of this merry-go-round to make another and to ship it, music and all, to Sand Springs.

Around that merry-go-round has grown up one of the finest amusement parks in the country; it is where Tulsa goes to play. Every concession is held by a mother of one of the children in the

home, I was told. Page wanted his children to learn to swim—and he showed me a huge pool, almost a little lake, where not only his children, but all the children and all the adults of the city of Tulsa and the entire countryside come to cool off during the hot Oklahoma days. The bath houses pay; everything pays.

Out of the big zoo, at Christmas time, "Charlie" Page takes a Christmas dinner for his children that cannot be equalled in the United States; there is bear meat and rabbit and venison and wild bird meat and fish of all kinds.

#### TELL IT TO THE BEES

The folks laugh pleasantly, at Tulsa, when they tell you about how "Charlie" Page's enterprises always succeed. They have this story about him:

He made up his mind that it would be interesting to have a hobby—something that wouldn't turn into a profitable business on his hands. A friend suggested bees. Page sent East for a bee expert.

The expert brought samples of bees.

"You'll have to plant alfalfa for this one and clover for this one," explained the expert, describing the peculiarities of each variety of bee. Page listened patiently until the expert was through. Then he said:

"Blankety blank! Those aren't the kinds of bees I want. I want a bee that you can turn loose to play, not work. I want one that you can tell: 'Here, bee! Here's the whole great state of Oklahoma. Go out and have a good time and find some honey. If you can't find it here, you can't find it anywhere.'"

That the man who takes God into honest, square partnership cannot get into financial trouble, or any other very deep trouble, is "Charlie" Page's belief. A Bishop went to see him one time, they tell you in Tulsa; the church needed money. Not much of "Charlie" Page's money goes into churches, I am told; they say he is a little impatient with churches that are in financial need; he cannot understand it. The Bishop seated himself, at Page's invitation, but before the Bishop could say a word Page looked him square in the eyes and said, simply:

"Bishop, do you tithe?"

The will of ALLEN F. BERLIN, state operator, who died at Slatington, Pa., last week, was probated today. Part of the estate, valued at \$250,000, was left to charity under the following provisions:

"One-tenth of my estate I recognize as belonging to the Lord, to be given to the most deserving charities, to be selected by the executors' jury the first year after my death."—*News Item*.

"Why, I give my entire time to the church," was the answer. "Yes, I know," answered Page. "I understand that. But do you tithe?"

The Bishop admitted that he did not. The story in Tulsa goes that the Bishop's effort was not a success.

#### MYSTICISM OR SUPERSTITION?

There are many men in business in America today who are consistent titheers; you find them among both Jews and Gentiles.

You may call it mysticism, if you please, or even superstition, but these men will tell you unashamedly that it pays to tithe.

"If it paid only in a financial way," one of these men explained to me, "tithing might not be so important. Almost any one can make money who makes up his mind to do it, and is willing to sacrifice for it. But it pays in a hundred other ways, in the feeling you get, for instance, that you're doing right, and that you've got right on your side."

American business life is dotted with the romantic successes of men who believe in tithing. Twenty-five years ago a business man in a town in Kansas failed in business, with debts of more than \$100,000. Today he might be many times a millionaire, if he desired. He is the manufacturer of a lotion which is universally used. He does not tell the story of his experiences in such a way that it can be connected in the public mind with his famous product; wherefore, so far as this article is concerned, Americans will go on using this lotion without knowing about this manufacturer's partnership with God.

Close friends know his story, and it runs like this:

When he was worse than bankrupt, he "opened his Bible at Genesis 28:22 and, drawing a pencil mark around this twenty-second verse, he said: 'From this moment on as long as I live, of all that God gives me I will give Him one-tenth.'"

Not long after this he called on an old friend, a physician. The physician had a recipe for a lotion which he presented to his visitor. He suggested that it was so soothing a lotion and so beneficial that it ought to be put on the market.

Here is a statement from this man, the president of one of America's most successful manufacturing companies, written purposely for this article:

JAY COOKE (1821-1905), who founded the banking firm of Jay Cooke & Company in 1861, and was substantially the financier of the Union cause during the Civil War, tithed in hard times and good, for he held firm to the mystical belief that what he achieved was due to sharing his profits with God.



“ ‘Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth,’ etc., and the interview with the rich young ruler—these teachings gave me the conviction some years ago that all of my income, except what the family needs, was to be given for building up the kingdom of God. I have had more joy, I am sure, than I would have received from becoming a millionaire.”

In these days when believers in odd doctrines obtain ready hearing in the United States, it is not irrational to entertain the statements of believers in the tithing system. Unlike believers in most mystic doctrines, your convinced tither will show you mathematically that he has prospered financially as well as in other directions.

A noted Southern lawyer recently announced to friends and associates that some years before he had adopted the principle of tithing. His motto was a verse from the Old Testament: “Thou shalt surely give him, and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him; because that for this thing the Lord, thy God, shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto.” He announced his yearly earnings to show his experience. In a certain year he made \$3,900; the next year he made \$5,303.17; the next year his earnings were \$21,451.44; they more than doubled the ensuing year, when he earned \$55,455.30. During the year that he made his unusual announcement he earned \$75,862.34.

In the Southwest there is a string of twenty-eight stores which form a great monument to a business man who, through his business career, followed the practice of tithing. He explained once, to friends, why he tithed.

“Why, you and I tithe each other,” he said. “We would not lend a neighbor money with which to run his business without interest. Neither would we expect him to lend us money without paying interest. I found I was using God’s money and the business talents He had given me without paying Him interest. That’s all I’ve done in tithing—just met my interest obligations.”

There is a string of 500 chain stores, operated in almost as many towns and cities in the United States, that is headed by a business man who has tithed consistently. The founder of the business was a tither, and the president of the company who followed him continued the practice. Ten years ago the sales of this company were \$2,500,000 a year. Last year they amounted to more than \$60,000,000.

“Experience has taught me,” the president of this company told me, “that the man prospers best who gives most freely of the bounty that comes to him. The man who founded our company was an example to all of us who grew up in the business with him. We all

believe that free giving is worth while in more ways than one. In its turn it promotes prosperity which makes giving possible."

Many American men and women wear gloves of a well-known brand that are manufactured by a man who tithes.

Ask him why more and more of us wear his gloves every year, and this manufacturer will smilingly tell you that he has reason to believe that it is because, five years ago, he began to tithe.

"The pastor of my church advocated tithing for its spiritual benefits," this manufacturer told me. "He also insisted that business men would find it a good investment. I tried it and I discovered that he was right in both respects.

"Giving away one-tenth of my income has never reduced my net personal income below that of the previous year. And, what's more, our business is increasing steadily."

In the glove trade it was estimated that the sales of this company had increased almost 50 per cent in one year; its improvement in business was one of the notable events of the trade in 1923.

#### ONE MAN OUT OF EIGHT

Eight brothers, within recent years, have established a firm which manufactures a certain food on most American tables. The firm has become the largest of its kind in the world. Its sales last year were made not only through the United States but also in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and the product is now reaching a world market. To many business men conversant with this particular line of business the progress of this firm has been a mystery. Its products seemed suddenly to become a household necessity.

I should violate a confidence if I were to name this firm and its products; but one of the eight brothers, a vice-president of the company, told me:

"Up to the start of 1923 I had been making fairly liberal contributions to religious and charitable causes, but the amounts varied so much every year that I wasn't sure I was giving my share. So I began to tithe in January, 1923. One of my brothers, who is president of the company, has been a tither for many years. When I saw him a few months ago, he told me that he had quit tithing and was giving away 25 per cent of his income instead of 10 per cent.

"If there's any good luck in tithing—though I'm sure that neither my brothers nor myself are thinking of luck, when we try to do a little good with our money—our president and the rest of my brothers haven't any reason to dispute the statement. There are eight of us brothers in the business, and we have seen it climb from a small beginning to our present concern, which sold \$40,000,000 worth of products throughout the entire world last year.

"At a recent convention of our salesmen there was scarcely one who did not report an increase in sales of at least 75 per cent for 1923, and most of them told us they were expecting a jump of 100 per cent in 1924.

"My one year's trial, as a tither, in 1923, has convinced me, first, that I did not give away enough money in previous years; and, second, that even one-tenth may be too little."

It was a pleasant experience to meet this young business man. He was smiling, happy, and extremely affable. In the great warehouse in New York—which is only one of the company's branches—he was surrounded by a large staff of office employees. It is his particular job, according to arrangements among the eight brothers, to ship products to the outside world. His firm today is exporting to the world a product which, until within the last few years, was imported into the United States; a product which, it was believed, could be successfully manufactured only in foreign countries. There was nothing that I could find in this atmosphere of assured success and smoothly running progress to contradict the statement that tithing, among other things, brings prosperity and good fortune.

If this young man could not "dispute" that fact, neither could I. Indeed, I must admit that contact and conversation with men who believe in tithing is bound to have an impressive effect upon one. Some time ago Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tried to explain to a group of my friends in New York his interest in spiritism. Among other things, he described a conversation which took place, in his presence, between two men; he gathered from their conversation, he told us, that they had both been aloft in their astral bodies and had looked down upon the earth.

"And thus you see," he concluded, "it is possible to believe that there are groups of persons in this world who have discovered the secret of spiritism."

In the same way I can say that I have discovered in American business life—and any other person may make further discoveries in this direction—groups of individuals who are firmly convinced of the spiritual and material benefits of giving away one-tenth of their incomes—if not more.

Those who have this belief do not hesitate to show you definite

The rigid precept of MATTHIAS BALDWIN, founder of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, was to set apart one-tenth of all the earnings of his company for the use of the Lord. In dark days, when his firm was struggling against terrible financial difficulties, he continued to do so, pointing out to his associates that this was their one safe investment.



proof of its efficacy. This proof, as I have said, is usually very material and soundly mathematical.

#### TITHING A SOUND BUSINESS INVESTMENT

In New York City there is a *merchant tailor* with a large shop in one of the high-rent buildings which hundreds of thousands of persons pass daily; it is along one of the very congested pathways of the city.

To this man his own success in business has only one explanation—his tithing. He spoke to me as frankly about it as he might about any other business practice.

"Any man who plays fair with God," he said, "is sure to prosper. I started tithing when I got the idea some years ago that all I had belonged to God, and that He was permitting me to use it. I expected, of course, when I began to tithe, that my net income would be reduced by 10 per cent. But this has never happened to me. Each year's net income has been larger in spite of tithing.

"When the lease on these quarters ran out a few years ago, a great increase in rent was demanded. We have a very choice corner in a very superior location, but it was hard to see how we could make the payments. I talked the matter over with my wife, and we both decided that, even if it became necessary to move, we would not stop tithing. We signed the new lease, and at the end of the next twelve months our net profits showed a fine increase."

"Talent loaned by God, time loaned by God, and money loaned by God," has been the working motto of one of the most noted *furnace manufacturers* of the country.

He has a life of business achievement behind him, and he attributes it all to the fact that he has considered himself a steward of divinely lent elements of success.

"I had to leave school when I was fourteen," he explained to me, "because of ill-health. I was the oldest of seven children. When I was a boy the pastor of our church convinced me that everything I had, or would have, in life would belong to God. As soon as I understood this I began putting aside one-tenth of everything I earned, every day, no matter how small it was. I went out into life with empty pockets and willing hands and a firm belief in my responsibility to God. God has more than kept His promise to me financially and spiritually."

Ask this man for a formula for success in life and he will give it readily: "Everything you have, even your time, is divinely lent to you. If you accept it as a divine loan, you cannot fail."

#### TITHING DURING THE CIVIL WAR

One of the greatest romances of tithing was called to my attention by James L. Sayler, of Chicago.

The financier for the Union cause in the Civil War was Jay Cooke. There were times when it seemed almost impossible to secure funds for the Union cause; Cooke, a financial genius, never failed to find money in some way. He was the head of a manufacturing firm. He set aside one-tenth of his own earnings for religious and charitable purposes, and, in addition to this, he insisted that one-tenth of all the earnings of his firm should be set aside for the same causes. He was firm in the mystical belief that his success in all the efforts of his life, personal and patriotic, was due to his tithing.

There is a famous story about Matthias Baldwin, founder of the great locomotive works. It was his practice to have one-tenth of the earnings of the company set aside as tithes, to be used for religious and educational purposes. A great deal of this money went for the education of Negroes.

There came a time when his firm encountered tremendous financial difficulties. He insisted on continuing the tithing, in spite of the lack of funds.

"Why, that is our one safe investment," he explained to his associates.

His next payment of tithes was in the form of notes signed by himself! And they were all paid.

Two large manufacturing concerns in the West are headed by Thomas Kane, one of the most notable tithers in the United States. He has spent, during the last forty years, many thousands of dollars in trying to prove to his fellows the moral and material benefits of tithing. His inquiry, sent out in the form of a pamphlet, has become famous wherever it has gone. It runs: "My personal belief is that God honors, both temporally and spiritually, those who devote one-tenth of their income to his cause. I have never known an exception. Have you?" It is said that in forty years Mr. Kane, who uses the *nom de plume* "Layman," has never received an affirmative answer to his query.

#### THE GOSPEL OF TITHING

The tithers are busy groups; they are not so difficult to discover, working away in American life, as were Sir Arthur's spiritists. They have a mystic belief and they abide by it earnestly. They press it, too, most earnestly upon those they encounter, for they seem to feel that they have solved the mystery of the value of life and work, and that all the world ought to know it.

In the world of tithers, where "Charlie" Page, the oil man, and the rest of them live and work and succeed, the outsider can only stand silent and wonder.

People believe many strange things these days. The world is full of creeds and doctrines and mysteries.

Who can take away the self-proved belief of the tithers? They have the soundest arguments of all.

If you endeavor to explain their belief on the ground of psychology alone you run up against a stone wall.

"It is faith," one eminent psychologist explained. "Faith gives confidence."

Another said, "I will not attempt to explain the belief of the tithers on materialistic grounds. No one can say that there is not something mystic about their success. I am a Christian myself and I believe that God takes care of his children."

#### THE PSYCHOLOGIST'S COMMENT

Prof. Robert Sessions Woodworth, head of the department of psychology at Columbia University, put the cold yardstick of the science of psychology up against the belief—and the successes—of the tithers. He said:

"The belief that their money was a loan from God, that they were in partnership with him, would give these men who tithe more confidence and self-reliance, would minimize all difficulties in their eyes, and would, no doubt, go far toward bringing them success.

"On the other hand, they were evidently by nature men of unusual energy and self-reliance. In the first place, had they not possessed these qualities they would not have felt that they would dare to begin tithing at a time when their resources were so limited. Men of less natural energy, weak men, could have been influenced through their reliance on such partnership with Omnipotence to relax their own efforts and trust so far to divine aid that their business could have failed instead of prospering.

"The fact that these men did have so much self-confidence and energy raises the question whether their success was due to these qualities mainly and whether they could not have succeeded eventually without tithing.

"But, still, their belief, considered by itself, does present an element of mysticism, and this belief was doubtless strengthened by their putting it into action; had they merely entertained it as an abstract conviction it would never have impressed them so deeply.

"In the case of the Oklahoma oil man, however, we must recognize a distinction. Finding profitable oil wells, so far as I know, is largely a matter of chance. If that is the case, granted to the finder a certain knowledge of geology, the finder's natural energy and self-reliance would be of relatively little importance.

"There are missing factors, of course, the absence of which prevents our reaching an accurate conclusion. We should hear from those oil men who did not tithe and did not share the tither's belief



as to divine partnership and who, nevertheless, were remarkably successful in striking oil; also, we should hear from sincere tithers, if any, who sought for oil and usually missed it. And, as to business men generally, we lack the testimony of the honest tithers who have not prospered in a material way. In New England, where I was reared, the ministers habitually advocated tithing as a duty. I have no doubt that many persons of slender means were there induced to adopt the practice and that not all of these persons attained material prosperity.

"But men are not inclined to talk about their failures. It is practically impossible to supply these absent factors and hence any precise solution of the problem—the effect of tithing on the tither—can hardly be expected."

That's the nearest I could come to securing from science an explanation of the stories of success which smiling-faced business men have laid before me within recent weeks.

I presented this explanation to a business man who tithes.

"Yes," he said, "that sounds all right. But you know there are other successes than money ones. I've got something more than money out of tithing; it's given me happiness and contentment that I never could have bought. Suppose some of the New England families who tithed did not succeed financially. Could science measure the contentment which these families might have through knowing that God was a partner in home affairs?"

Tithing means giving one-tenth of income.

Most of the business men mentioned in this article ceased "tithing" some time ago. Now they give far more than one-tenth.

"Tithing is the minimum that your Partner expects from you," said one eminently successful man. "That's only good interest. I've been trying to use half of my income in His affairs lately. That's full partnership."

### FOOLISH THINGS

When I think of all the foolish things  
That happen in a day of mine,—  
The blunders and mistakes I make,  
The worries and the petty hurts  
A tired heart can conjure up,  
Like screeching devils from the fired sea,—  
Beneath the jagged mass of them  
I stagger, crushed and beaten.

Yet, when from all these foolish things  
I take just one  
That's made an hour black,  
Hold it before the golden sun  
And watch the light  
Make rainbows on its circled edge,  
I see only  
A thin-spun bubble, that will burst  
Before it rises far.

SHIRLEY REI GUDMUNDSEN

# The Right Way of Tithing

BY ALBERT R. LYMAN

**S**URELY for anything as important as paying tithing, there is a right way and a wrong way. The right way proves to be the easiest way, to most people it is the only possible way and if they are too slow to find it they become discouraged and quit.

The right way of tithing is to pay it when it comes in, at least to put it aside at that time for tithing, and to refrain from using it in any other way. It should be paid at least once a month.

Tithing naturally becomes due on the earliest date after which it is in the hands of those who owe it, and the net gain should then be ascertained and paid or set aside. Overdue tithing is in a variety of dangers. In the first place, it is likely to be turned to another purpose, and be difficult or impossible to find again for payment. The tithing overdue for a long period is not likely to be correctly remembered, and a dishonestly small amount made to suffice.

One man who began paying promptly every month surprised himself with the large amount he paid and the ease with which he paid it. Delay of tithing, as of any other duty, is demoralizing, we lose the spirit of it, we become dangerously selfish. After delaying payment a long time, we have neither the habit nor the spirit of paying. In many cases, the man who waits till the end of the year to pay would not believe he owed so much even if he were told. He has not provided himself with the due amount, and settles his obligation to the Lord on a lower standard of honor than he prides himself in maintaining in his dealings with men.

If we recognize the tithe as due when it comes into our hands, it is easy to pay, much easier than if we wait till it is larger. Paying promptly forms the habit, brings the good spirit, and, being up to date in our duty, we have a clear conscience, which we can never enjoy while we are haunted with a sense of neglect.

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## HUMILITY

Before honor goeth humility.

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth.

Pride goeth before destruction; and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled; and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted.

Whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant.

# The Necessity of Religious Training in Modern Education

BY JAMES J. DAVIS, U. S. SECRETARY OF LABOR

*Written especially for the Era, on invitation of George Albert Smith,  
General Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A.*

IT IS LESS than a century ago that the Christian world reached the conviction that every child is entitled to an education. This may be hard to believe, but it is literal fact. Not that the value of an education was ever belittled by any intelligent person. The idea that prevailed so long was that education was for the children of the rich or aristocratic circles. Or it was for children of unusual gifts. These have always been by far in the minority, which meant that the vast majority of mankind never thought of education as we all know it today. In fact, you do not have to go very far back in history to find a time when few besides monks or Christian clergymen were able to read and write. Charlemagne himself was only learning his letters late in life. Kings themselves scorned such knowledge as beneath them. It is easy to imagine what society was like in such dark ages.

Today education is part of the democratic ideal. We Americans no more think of depriving a child of his education than we think of depriving a citizen of his right to the ballot. We have only to make sure that we are putting the principle to the best practical use and in the best practical manner. And we have good reason to question how well we are doing this. During the Great War it was revealed to us in the army tests that we are not so well educated as we thought we were. Great numbers of drafted men were found unable to read or write. A discouraging number were found to be of feeble mentality and unfit for any education at all.

Yet, seeing to it that our children are able to read, write, and possess a fair knowledge of mathematics, geography and the other elementary studies, is not enough. Education should instruct our children in the art of living life. They should be taught facts, but they should be built into well-rounded personalities. We must teach the heart, as well as the head and hand.

Even today we are not quite satisfied as to what constitutes a real education. In some schools our children are crammed with facts. But the possession of all the facts in the world does not bring sense

and judgment. It is easy for a man to know everything and still possess no understanding of anything. You may teach a boy half a dozen languages, and yet not teach him to talk sense in any one of them. Not long ago I met a man who had fluent command of four or five languages, yet he had no occupation, and despaired of ever finding one. In a sense, he was an educated person, yet he was at a total loss as to how to take hold of life and put himself to use. Always and everlastingly our system of education must be aimed to awaken the inner being in every boy or girl, so that they learn only to be aroused to the creation of ideas of their own. In a word, the thing is not to fill them full of information, but to make them think for themselves.

"All education should be moral first; intellectual secondarily"—so said John Ruskin. What he meant was that education needs to be based on the moral or religious sense. It is not enough to be educated and to have original ideas; those ideas and that teaching must be used for a good and moral purpose. And by moral purpose we mean no narrow fanaticism but a breadth that includes all humanity. A man may profess the most devout belief in a Deity, and yet live in a way to falsify his profession. On the other hand, a man may venture no opinions and beliefs as to where he stands in relation to God, and still live a perfectly upright life. In one sense, the man who professes one way and lives another way is immoral; whereas, the man who professes no beliefs but lives in an upright manner is moral. I have known many men who pretended to treat religion lightly, who yet were deeply religious. The point I am aiming at is that no man can live a truly moral life without proving the existence in himself of a religious nature, no matter what he does or does not profess. So it is that we cannot teach our children right behavior without waking in them the religious sense. By that I mean that teaching the upright life is the simplest way of getting religion into education.

But with religion in education, our teaching is built on a solid rock. Without religion, as evoked by sound moral training, all education is built on the sand.

I am just as strong for the teaching of science, for science can never truly conflict with religion. The more we know of the wonders of the universe, the more we must marvel at the God who created it. Does science prove that religion is false? By no means. The science that deserves the name of science can only report on what it discovers in Nature. It can thus only make Nature more wonderful and awe-inspiring. Men ask about the mystery of life, but science can never answer this question. The scientist may split matter into molecules, atoms and electrons, but he gets no nearer



than he was before to the mystery of life. He only gets nearer to the Great Cause that has brought into being the material things about us. Ask a scientist, "What is life?" and he is as much at a loss as a savage. The divine spark that has animated clay and made it a man remains today the mystery it ever was. We know a little more about the mystery, and the mystery itself is more wonderful and mysterious than ever; that is all. But just because science does arouse this wonder as to what we are and why we are here, it quickens the religious spirit. So, I say, let us teach science, for the wonder, the religious awe, it awakens within us.

As a matter of fact, science itself is today becoming less and less materialistic. It has split the molecule into atoms, and the atoms into particles of electricity. Yet, there is not a scientist able to explain the nature of electricity. He has simply seen the solid matter dissolve into particles of force. In a nutshell, we cannot see deeply into the material objects about us without running straight into God. The more we know about matter the more we are whisked off the earth into the realm of spirit. Every day we use electricity to do every conceivable "material" thing for us; but what this electricity itself is, we do not know, except that it is another of God's wonders.

Having children of my own, I want them to be men and women convinced that religion is not a special subject for thought on a single day of the week. I want them schooled in the wonders of this world so that they see a religious significance in everything about them. That is the sort of education I believe in, and the sort of religious training I think should be a part of that education. If our world were a toy blown about by blind forces, with no plan, no direction guiding its course, I believe we should all go mad. What would be the use of life if, after our little span, we were to lie down to an eternal and dreamless sleep? No, all the inspiration we have to live comes from the conviction that we are here for a purpose. And education should teach us to discover that high purpose, and live up to it. That is the morality, the religion, I want to see introduced in our educational system.

No nation whose people lacked all religious faith, all moral purpose, ever thrived and prospered. We hear much today of "pagan" peoples. It is all a mistake. The so-called pagan peoples were not irreligious. It is our habit to think of the Greeks and Romans as pagans. But they had their deeply religious beliefs, and never profaned those beliefs or denied their gods. We do not now accept the gods they worshiped so devoutly, and there is a point we should take to heart. The point is that those people were religious. They taught love of their gods and obedience to divine command to

the children in their schools. Today we should recognize the fact that the religious feeling can exist in many forms. We do not today worship the gods worshiped by the ancients. But we still have many different ways of worshiping Deity, and while each of us should preserve his own mode of worship, he should respect the other man's religious beliefs and habits. Tolerance should be a part of every man's religion, and tolerance should be a part of every man's education.

Our forefathers are thought to have been sterner people than we are—people more narrow and bigoted. It is true they may have had a narrower view of life, because they lacked our modern knowledge of life. But I believe sometimes they had a deeper knowledge of the purpose of life. Today too many of our children come forth from school with the wrong teaching. We send them forth bewildered, uncertain as to whether or not it is a superstition that we have such a thing as a soul. We leave them equally uncertain as to how to regard the Bible. They desire to appear "modern," and think that to be modern and sophisticated they must deny all the simple old teachings. But if civilization is to live and be passed on to our successors, we must be all the more sure we teach our children that all the old so-called platitudes are true. We must teach them that the first of those old truths is that life must be lived nobly in the sight of God and our fellow-beings. It is always true that we need to be kind and good to one another. That, too, is only another expression of the religious spirit in us.

What really is morality? My answer is, it is the science of acting nobly and with decency toward one another. You might put that principle of morality into any system of clauses you please, but the form would mean little so long as the central principle remained the same—the principle of kindness to others. The teachings of any form of religion should put its believers into harmony with God. Just so, the methods of education should awaken in our children that moral and religious sense without which any nation must die.

Let us fill our boys and girls with a love of beauty and a desire to find it and live it. What is morality but fineness and beauty of conduct? Yet even this is not all. It is not enough to win the approval of your fellow-beings. For peace of his soul, a man must have the approval of his God. Let us have the moral training that will give us the approval of our fellow-beings. Let us have the religious training that will give us God's blessing.

# Brigham Young as Seen in 1860

BY PRESTON NIBLEY

TOWARDS the close of day, on August 25, 1860, there might have been seen, emerging from the mouth of Emigration canyon and following the dusty road across the bench into Salt Lake City, the Overland Stage, completing the last few miles of its long and arduous trip across the plains from its starting point at St. Joseph, Missouri. By frequent change of horses, and by pursuing the journey from early morning until late at night, this particular stage had completed 1,136 miles in nineteen days.

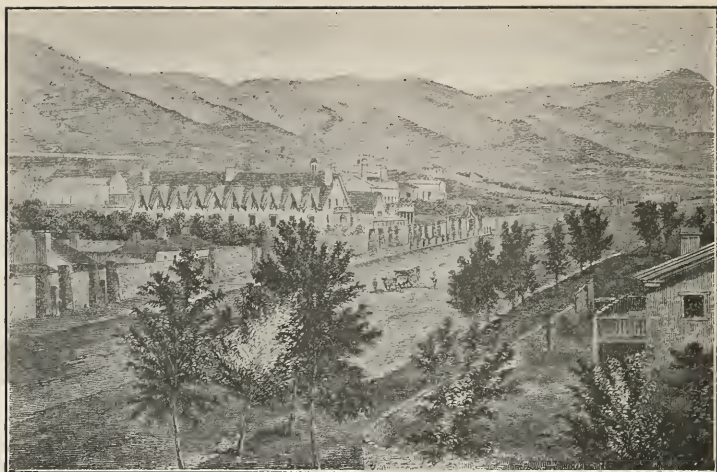
Among the weary passengers who glanced eagerly ahead for a first view of the "City of the Saints," was one Richard F. Burton, 39 years of age, captain in the English Army, fellow and gold medalist of the Royal Geographical Society, and one of the most renowned travelers of his day. The first Englishman to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, the first to penetrate the lake regions of Central Africa, he had now arrived in Salt Lake valley, to see and write a book about "the 'Mormons,' and their Kingdom."

As I write I have this volume before me, a book of more than five hundred pages, written in a hasty, rather careless manner, and filled with many ill-timed personal comments, but a true book withal, and, I think, the very best account of Salt Lake City we have from a non-"Mormon" in those early days.

More than sixty-seven years have passed since Captain Burton rode into town on that August afternoon, and a second generation has come on the scene, to whom those early days are, we might say, lost and unknown. It might not be amiss, therefore, to pause for a moment and glance back at the life of our people as Captain Burton saw it, making due allowance always that he did not and could not see truly into conditions as we know them to have been. There were many plans formulated and executed in this valley in 1860, by President Brigham Young and his associates, of which Captain Burton never dreamed. The eye of the traveler could see, and the hand could record, but the heart and the mind could not understand. What burned in the souls of the pioneers as they trudged wearily into this valley, and sought to establish themselves here? Who can describe it?

But to our story—relating the events of his entrance into the valley on that August afternoon, Captain Burton writes:

"In due time, emerging from the gates and portal and deep serrations of the upper course, we descended into a lower level. Emigration Canyon gradually bulges out



"THE PROPHET'S BLOCK," SALT LAKE CITY  
As viewed in September, 1860

and its steep slopes of grass and fern, shrubbery and stunted brush, fall imperceptibly into the plain. The valley presently lay full before our sight. \* \* \* The sublime and the beautiful were present in contrast. Switzerland and Italy lay side by side. \* \* \* The hour was about 6 p. m.; the atmosphere was touched with a dreamy haze, as it generally is in the vicinity of the lake; a little bank of rose-colored clouds, edged with flames of purple and gold, floated in the upper air, while the mellow radiance of an American autumn, that bright interlude between the extremes of heat and cold, diffused its mild, soft lustre over the face of earth."

There is a picture of our beautiful valley that has hardly been excelled to this day. And again:

"In some parts, the valley was green; in others, where the hot sun shot its oblique beams, it was of a tawny yellowish-red, like the sands of the Arabian desert, with scatters of trees, where the Jordan of the West rolls its opaline waves through pasture lands of dried grass dotted with flocks and herds, and fields of ripening yellow corn. Everything bears the impress of handiwork, from the bleak benches behind to what was once a barren valley in front. Truly the 'Mormon' prophecy has been fulfilled: already the howling wilderness—in which twelve years ago a few miserable savages, the half-naked Digger Indians, gathered their grass seed, grasshoppers, and black crickets to keep life and soul together, and awoke with their war cries the echo of the mountains; and the bear, the wolf and the fox prowled over the site of a now populous city—has blossomed like the rose."

Jogging along in the rolling and jolting stage, our captain soon had his first view of the city, which he estimated to have a population of "between nine and twelve thousand souls."

"The city revealed itself as we approached, from behind its screen, the inclined terraces of the upper table-land, and at last it lay stretched before us as upon a map.



At a little distance the aspect was somewhat Oriental. None of the buildings except the Prophet's house were whitewashed. The material—the thick, sun-dried adobe, common to all parts of the Eastern world,—was of a dull leaden blue, deepened by the atmosphere to a gray, like the shingles of the roofs. The numbers of gardens and compounds, the dark clumps and lines of bitter cottonwood, locust or acacia, poplars and fruit trees, apples, peaches and vines—how lovely they appeared after the baldness of the prairies!—and finally the fields of long-eared maize and sweet sorghum strengthened the similarity to an Asiatic rather than to an American settlement. The differences presently became as salient. The farm houses with their stacks and stock strongly suggested the Old Country. Moreover, domes and minarets—even churches and steeples—were wholly wanting, an omission that somewhat surprised me. The only building conspicuous from afar was the block occupied by the present head of the Church. The courthouse, with its tinned Muscovian dome, at the west end of the city; the arsenal, a barn-like structure on a bench below Ensign Peak, and a saw-mill built beyond the southern boundary, were the next in importance.”

So much then for the first impressions of our alert and inquisitive captain. As the stage descended the last hill and rolled into the city there is this, which one might reasonably expect, “I looked in vain for the out-house harems, in which certain romances concerning things ‘Mormons’ had informed me that wives are kept, like any other stock.” No, my good friends, wives were not kept in that fashion, as you will soon learn. “I presently found this but one of a multitude of delusions. Upon the whole, the ‘Mormon’ settlement was a vast improvement upon its contemporaries in the valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri.”

Turning suddenly to the right, the stage entered “the main thoroughfare, the center of population,” and drew up before a hotel, the “only establishment of the kind in New Zion,” the Salt Lake House, “a two-storied, pent-roofed building,” where our captain was to make his headquarters during his twenty-four-day visit in the city. The hotel he found to be comfortable and convenient “despite the closeness of the atmosphere,” the swarms of “emigration flies,” and a certain “populousness of bedstead.”

So then, the traveling captain is at last set down in Salt Lake City, the place which he has come so far to see, and from which wild and speculative rumors have gone around the world. On the morrow he will walk about a little and try to get a look at these “Mormons” and what they have accomplished. Perhaps, too, if he is lucky, he will get an interview with “Mr. Brigham Young”. It is this man, more than all others, about whom he is curious. Bright and early the following morning he began to walk about the city.

“I was surprised to find that every meridinal street is traversed on both sides by a streamlet of limpid water—supplied from City Creek, Red Butte and other canyons lying north and east of the settlement.” Main street, he observed, was 132 feet wide, “including the sidewalks, which are each twenty, and like the rest of the principal avenues is planted with locust and other trees.”

On the temple block Captain Burton was disappointed in finding that the temple was only "a hole in the ground," and he doubted that it would ever be completed. Little did this man realize the hardships of our people in locating in this valley, and the long years of sacrifice and patient toil it took to erect the magnificent "Mormon" temple. To our visitor the task looked hopeless.

The afternoon he spent with Governor and Mrs. Alfred Cumming, at their commodious house on North Temple street. One would like to know the conversation that went on between these two gentlemen regarding President Young and our people. There is not much said, except in praise of Governor Cumming's "scrupulous and conscientious impartiality," and his resolution to treat Saints and Gentiles alike.

Monday morning, in company with Elder T. B. Stenhouse, the captain started out for what is now Fort Douglas reserve, to witness the arrival of a group of hand-cart pioneers. He graphically describes the event as follows:

"As we issued from the city we saw the smoke-like column which announced the emigrants were crossing the bench land; and people were hurrying from all sides to greet and get news of friends. Presently the carts came. All the new arrivals were in clean clothes, the men washed and shaved, and the girls, who were singing hymns, habited in Sunday dresses. The company was sunburned, but looked well and thoroughly happy, and few, except the very young and the very old, who suffer most on such journeys, troubled the wains."

Mingling in the crowds as the new-comers were greeted by their friends, Captain Burton comments on the dress of the women: "A sun-bonnet is here universally used, with the difference however, that the 'Mormons' provide it with a long, thick veil behind, which acts like a cape or shawl." And then there is this very pretty compliment: "I could not but observe in those born hereabouts the noble, regular features, the lofty, thoughtful brow, the clear, transparent complexion, the long, silky hair, and, greatest charm of all, the soft smile of the American woman when she does smile."

During the afternoon a visit was made to City Creek, or "Northern Canyon," as our author calls it, also, to the "Thermal Springs," north of the city, which have come down in history as the "Warm Springs."

And now, as the fifth day of Captain Burton's visit to Salt Lake rolled around, there came this little note to Governor Alfred Cumming in response to one of his own requesting that he might call on President Brigham Young and bring with him the distinguished visitor:

Great Salt Lake City, Aug. 30, 1860.

GOVERNOR A. CUMMING,

Sir: In reply to your note of the 29th inst., I embrace the earliest opportunity



THE SALT LAKE HOUSE

Where Captain Burton stayed while visiting in the "City of the Saints," September, 1860  
 since my return to inform you that it will be agreeable to me to meet the gentleman you mention in my office at 11 a. m., tomorrow, the 31st.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The day following, Captain Burton and Governor Cumming were promptly on hand, and we can thank the Captain for this most excellent look at President Young. He is here in life to us, our great President,—Utah's most distinguished man. I am inclined to think that the portrait is as clear as the Captain could make it:

"I met Governor Cumming in Main street, and we proceeded together to our visit. After a slight scrutiny, we passed the guard—which is dressed in plain clothes, and to the eye unarmed—and walking down the veranda, entered the Prophet's private office. Several people who were sitting there rose at Mr. Cumming's entrance. At a few words of introduction, Mr. Brigham Young advanced, shook hands with complete simplicity of manner, asked me to be seated on a sofa at one side of the room, and presented me to those present. \* \* \*

"The Prophet was born at Whittingham, Vermont, on the 1st day of June, 1801; he was consequently, in 1860, fifty-nine years of age; he looks about forty-five. I had expected to see a venerable looking old man. Scarcely a gray thread appears in his hair, which is parted on the side, light colored, rather thick, and reaches below the ears with a half curl. He formerly wore it long, after the western style; now it is cut level with the ear lobes. \* \* \* The eyes are between gray and blue, with a calm, composed, and somewhat reserved expression: a slight droop in the left lid made me think he had suffered from paralysis; I afterwards heard that the ptosis is the result of neuralgia which has long tormented him. For this reason he usually covers his head, except in his own house or in the Tabernacle. \* \* \* The nose, which is fine and somewhat sharply pointed, is bent a little to the left. The lips are close, like the New Englander's, and the teeth, especially those of the under jaw, are imperfect. The cheeks are rather fleshy, and the line between the alae of the nose and the mouth is broken; the chin is somewhat peaked, and the face clean shaven,

except under the jaws, where the beard is allowed to grow. The hands are well made, and not disfigured by rings. The figure is large, broad-shouldered, and stooping a little when standing.

"The Prophet's dress was neat and plain as a Quakers, all gray homespun, except the cravat and waistcoat. His coat was of antique cut, and, like the pantaloons, baggy, and the buttons were black. A neck-tie of dark silk, with a large bow, was loosely passed around a starchless collar, which turned down of its own accord. The waistcoat was of black satin—once an article of almost national dress—single-breasted, and buttoned nearly to the neck, and a plain gold chain was passed into the pocket. The boots were Wellingtons, apparently of American make."

That constitutes the appearance of President Brigham Young to Captain Burton's eye. Again we thank him for having left this portrait to us. Nothing can be of greater interest in early Utah history than the doings, sayings and appearance of this great man, the chief character in it. There are a few things here mentioned especially worthy of note: that clear, steady eye of his, and calm expression of face; the "close" lips. Not a darting, quick-glancing eye, but used to fixed, steady gaze, piercing past the appearance and into the soul of things. The calm, composed expression of the face, indicating that this man was well acquainted with the battle of life, its defeats and its victories, and that he trusted completely in his Maker that the ultimate outcome would be right. The "close" lips, showing determination—to continue doing his duty to the last breath of his life.

Continuing, Captain Burton comments:

"Altogether the Prophet's appearance was that of a gentleman farmer in New England. \* \* \* He is a well preserved man. \* \* \* His manner is at once affable and impressive, simple and courteous. \* \* \* He shows no signs of dogmatism, bigotry, or fanaticism, and never once entered—with me at least—on the subject of religion. \* \* \* He impresses the stranger with a certain sense of power. \* \* \* His temper is even and placid. \* \* \* His powers of observation are intuitively strong, and his friends declare him to be gifted with an excellent memory, and a perfect judgment of character. \* \* \* His life is ascetic. His favorite food is baked potatoes with a little buttermilk, and his drink, water. \* \* \* Finally, there is a total absence of pretension in his manner, and he has been so long used to power that he cares nothing for its display."

Here we take leave of "Brother Brigham" as he stood before the world on August 31, 1860. It will do us good to return to him, time and again.

Leaving the President's office and walking toward Main street, Captain Burton noted:

"On the extreme west of this block, backed by a pound for estrays, which is no longer used, lies the Tithing House and Deseret Store, a long, narrow, upper-storied building, with cellars, store-rooms, receiving rooms, pay rooms and writing offices. At this time of the year it chiefly contains linseed and rags for paper making; after the harvest it is well stuffed with grains and cereals, which are taken instead of money payment."

And now there is one item that has more than particular interest



to me and which I trust I may be pardoned for including in this account. The Captain remarks that on the evening of the third of September, "while sauntering about the square," he became interested "in a train of twenty-three wagons which had just bivouacked." These were immigrants under the command of Captain Charles E. Ross, and they had just arrived in the valley that day. Playing about one of the wagons, or perhaps climbing in and out of it, rejoicing with the others at the termination of the long journey, and looking with wonderment at the strange scenes about him, clad only in a shirt and pair of trousers, which his mother had made him out of an old tent, was a little barefoot lad, eleven years of age. It was my honored father, President Charles W. Nibley, who, with his poor emigrant parents, brothers and sisters, had traveled all the way from Scotland to this New Zion in the wilderness. What the family possessed, with the exception of their oxen, was in their prairie wagon. The father had been a coal miner and had saved for years to obtain means sufficient for the long journey. Now they had arrived in the valley and their lot was to be cast with the Saints. They thought their difficulties were over, but, as subsequent events proved, they were only just beginning.

On the same day, Captain Burton made a trip to Sugar House with "Mr. John Taylor."

"He pointed out to me on the left the mouths of the several canyons, and informed me that the City Creek and Red Butte on the northeast, and the Emigration, Parley's, Mill Creek, Great Cottonwood and Little Cottonwood canyons to the east and southeast, all head together in two points, thus enabling troops and provisions to be easily and readily concentrated for the defense of the eastern approaches. When talking about the probability of gold digging being developed near Great Salt Lake City, he said that the 'Mormons' are aware of that, but that they look upon agriculture as their real wealth.

"Returning, we visited the garden of Apostle Woodruff, who introduced us to his wife, and showed us work of which he had reason to be proud. Despite the hard, ungrateful soil which had required irrigation for the last ten years, there were apricots from Malta, the Hooker strawberries, here worth \$5 the plant, plum trees from Kew Gardens, French and California grapes, wild plum and buffalo berry, currants, peaches and apples;—with which last we were hospitably loaded in numbers."

From the 3rd until the 19th of September, Captain Burton made side trips to Brighton, in Big Cottonwood canyon, Camp Floyd in Cedar valley, and to Black Rock where he enjoyed a swim in the lake. On the 20th he climbed into a "buck-board" and, accompanied by "Judge Flennikin, who had been transferred to Carson valley," set out overland for California. "The day was fine and wondrous clear, affording us a splendid back view of the happy valley, before it was finally shut out from sight, and the Utah Lake looked a very gem of beauty, a diamond in its setting of steely blue mountains."

# Church Founded Upon Revelation\*

BY PRESIDENT CHARLES W. NIBLEY

I THINK, my brethren and sisters, that we are to be congratulated on this blessed Sabbath Easter morn in having the great privilege and honor, as servants of the Lord in his Church, to meet together under so favorable circumstances, knowing that the work of the Lord is spreading, increasing and becoming a great power for righteousness and for the well-being of mankind in the world.

I am mindful that I am a member of this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; that my parents heard the word gladly from the elders who were delivering the message of "Mormonism"; that they received and accepted it with full purpose of heart, and that they remained faithful and devoted to the end. I am proud of this organization, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the great American Church, the Church that had its birth in the land of freedom, where men's minds were permitted to expand, to debate, to question, to tell their thoughts without let or hindrance, and not where the mind of man, as in some of the older countries, had for ages been so scribbled, cabined and confined that it was not safe to advance thought or to express opinion freely and frankly. We are proud that the Church is American-born and does not have to receive any instructions or orders from any foreign power or potentate whatsoever.

"Freedom and reason make us men;  
Take these away, what are we then?  
Mere animals, and just as well  
The beasts may think of heaven or hell."

We live in a land of freedom, a land of liberty, a glorious land. And in these last days the Lord has established his Church upon the earth for the last time.

## MANY SIGNS OF THE TIMES

How do we know they are the last days? There are many signs of the times by which we may know of this fact. I haven't time to go into all that fully, but just hastily call your attention to the prophecy of Daniel, twelfth chapter, fourth verse. Speaking of the time of the end, he said, "Go thy way for many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." Now imagine what there

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\*Address delivered at the ninety-eighth annual conference of the Church, Salt Lake Tabernacle, April 8, 1928.

was in the way of running to and fro in his day, and all the succeeding centuries down to the last one hundred years when the revelation from Almighty God came to the Prophet Joseph Smith. There were not many running to and fro in the earth in those days. Now, in contrast, how many run to and fro on the earth, on the sea, under the sea, and in a couple of months from now probably half of the United States of America will be on wheels, running to and fro all over the country. What a change, what a marvelous change from the slow old movement of even a hundred years ago or less.

Then again, knowledge, he said, would be increased. How wonderfully has that been fulfilled. It was to be increased in the latter times, as distinctive from the former times. We have books by the millions, newspapers, periodicals, magazines, knowledge on every hand. Then look in the last one hundred years, or one hundred eight years, since the first revelation, the great revelation and manifestation came to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Even the railroad was not in existence in 1820. From that time on, how knowledge has been increased on every hand! Inventions by the tens of thousands, going on and on, until we have the marvelous and wonderful radio—my voice going out now on the air. It goes around the world seven times in a second! So that people in any part of the United States who are within hearing distance of this ether wave, as we call it, will hear my voice as instantly as you hear it in this building. A marvelous and wonderful invention! It is not because the mind of man is more acute in this age than in any former age, for the scientists all agree that the mind of man was quite as acute in the days of Abraham and in the days while the Savior was upon the earth as it is now. But those were not the days and times mentioned in the scriptures, which were called the last days and the fulness of times.

#### THROUGH THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD

The Lord, through Joel, the prophet, said: "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh." The Lord has poured out his spirit upon the people everywhere. And his spirit is intelligence. "The glory of God is intelligence." And man, even an unbeliever, whose mind is operated upon to invent this or the other for the benefit of mankind is acted upon by that intelligent influence which we name the Spirit of the Lord, whether it is an Edison or any other man. All intelligence comes from God. In other words, light and truth, as our scriptures say. So that these inventions, which have been multiplied in a most marvelous manner, have been brought about through the operation of the spirit of the Lord.

In the 14th chapter of the Revelation of St. John, we read

of the coming of this latter-day work by the hands of an angelic messenger. John the apostle, the beloved, banished on the Isle of Patmos for the testimony of Jesus, was then the only one remaining upon the earth, the other disciples by this time having gone to the great beyond. The angel of the Lord told him: "Come up and I will show you things that must come to pass hereafter." What did the angel show him? Marvelous things. Among them was this, which was to come to pass after that time:

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people,

"Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come."

This was to be in the hour of God's judgment—drawing near to the end, you see—in the days spoken of by Joel and Daniel, when knowledge should run to and fro. In other words, in the last days—the set time in which all things are to be consummated.

#### THIS CHURCH STANDS ALONE

In 1820 there was no divinely organized Church of Jesus Christ, with power and authority of the Priesthood, on this earth. The organization of the Church did not take effect till ten years later—April 6, 1830. From the time of John the Revelator up to 1820, we affirm, we make the positive declaration, we are convinced in our hearts and souls, for we have had it revealed unto us by the power of the Holy Ghost, there was no organized Church of Jesus Christ upon the earth, with the authority of the Priesthood to take a man down into the water and baptize him, that his sins might be remitted, or to lay hands upon his head and confirm him a member, and confer upon him the gift of the Holy Ghost. So that this Church stands alone with respect to that.

We have no contention against any church or any people. There are many, many thousands of good people in the world, millions of them, indeed, who are faithful believers in their own way. But the Church of Christ as an organization—something through which the Lord operates, by his power and spirit—did not exist until this Church was organized. So that we may say that any other church claiming that authority, claiming the authority to bind on earth as it is bound in heaven, is not recognized by the Lord, for he himself has declared that this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is "the only true and living Church upon the face of the whole earth."

#### NOT FOUNDED ON MEN

I know it is claimed that there has been direct succession from



Peter, the great apostle—Peter, the president of the Twelve, the head, the leader, than whom, in many respects, there was no greater apostle. We honor him. The latchet of his shoes, I would say, I am unworthy to unloose. But he was human. This Church is not built upon Peter. It is not the Church of Joseph Smith, nor the Church of Brigham Young, nor the Church of President Grant. It is not founded on men. It was founded by direct revelation from heaven. Let me read what the Lord said with respect to this:

"When Jesus came into the coasts of Caesarea Phillipi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?

"And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias: and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets.

"He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?

"And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

"And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.

"And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

What rock? The rock of revelation; for flesh and blood had not told Peter, but it had been revealed to him that Jesus was the Christ.

"I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven:"

Of course he did. He was the proper man to give them to, the President of the Twelve.

"And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

"Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ.

"From that time forth began Jesus to shew unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day."

#### THE HUMAN PETER

Now right here Peter, the human being, on whom was conferred this great authority, just as today, by divine appointment, is conferred that same power on President Heber J. Grant, the president of this Church, a human being like you and me, and like Peter—right at this point I read:

"Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him [Peter the human being, undertaking to rebuke the Savior], saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee."

We will not allow these men to take you and kill you—no sir. What was the answer of the Savior?

"But he turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offense unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." (Matt. 16:13-23.)

That was the human Peter, as all men are human. Joseph Smith, great as he was, the forerunner, the man chosen probably before the foundations of this earth were laid to usher in the great and last dispensation of the fulness of times, was human. He was Joseph Smith; he was not God. This Church is not founded on him any more than on Peter, to whom the Savior had to say: "Get thee behind me, Satan." You don't know what you are talking about, Peter.

So I repeat that the rock upon which this Church is founded is the rock of revelation. What is revelation? If you will turn in your Doctrine and Covenants to the eighth section, you will find this definition of revelation. The Lord speaks to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery:

#### THE SPIRIT OF REVELATION

"Yea, behold, I will tell you in your mind and in your heart, by the Holy Ghost, which shall come unto you and which shall dwell in your heart.

"Now, behold, this is the spirit of revelation;

"Behold, this is the spirit by which Moses brought the children of Israel through the Red Sea on dry ground."

Do we have revelations today? Is President Grant guided by revelation? Certainly, just in that kind of a way, ready to receive the promptings of the Spirit of the Lord as they shall be given by the power of the Holy Ghost. Have we the same power and the same opportunity to receive the spirit of revelation? Certainly we have. Why, every member of this Church, every last one who is living as he should, keeping the commandments of God, receives that testimony, and is thereby founded upon that rock which flesh and blood hath not delivered unto them but which our Father in heaven has revealed unto them. And upon this rock he builds his Church.

There isn't time to go into further discussion of this matter. I will have to hurry, but I want to read what St. Paul said in respect to the resurrection of Christ, and I think it fits me and fits every member of the priesthood, in going out to proclaim the gospel, to stick just to the one great text. St. Paul said to the Corinthians, second chapter.

#### WHAT PAUL SAID

"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech."

We are not depending so much on that, though we are glad to hear "excellency of speech"; yes, even Paul the learned said:

"When I came to you, came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God.

"For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

"And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.

"And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power:

"That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

That is "Mormonism". Stick to the one message—Jesus Christ and him crucified; Joseph Smith receiving the everlasting gospel from angelic beings, as John on the Isle of Patmos declared, coming at the time of the end when all these things are being fulfilled.

Just one other citation that I want to give you and then I am through. In the Book of Mormon we have a prophecy of the time of the end. You will find it in the 14th chapter of First Nephi. I haven't the time to read the whole chapter:

"And it came to pass that when the angel had spoken these words, he said unto me: Rememberest thou the covenants of the Father unto the house of Israel?"

The covenants that had been made to Abraham, not yet fulfilled, but in the way of fulfillment. The time is here, the covenants are being fulfilled. General Allenby, in the World War, marched into Palestine and freed that country from its oppressors, and since that work has been going on. That is what the angel a thousand years ago asked Nephi in that question:

"Rememberest thou the covenants of the Father unto the house of Israel? I said unto him, Yea.

"And it came to pass that he said unto me: Look, and behold that great and abominable church, which is the mother of abominations, whose foundation is the devil."

I skip now some verses to hurry on.

"And it came to pass that I beheld that the wrath of God was poured out upon the great and abominable church, insomuch that there were wars and rumors of wars among all the nations and kindreds of the earth."

#### THE FIRST WORLD WAR

Let me call your attention to this fact, that until the World War, all the nations and kindreds of the earth had never been involved in one great war before.

When Columbus discovered America, he found the new world, so that prior to that time all the nations and all the kindreds of the earth could not be involved in war together. Since 1492 we have the most accurate history of all the wars, and all the nations and kindreds of the earth were for the first time involved in this great struggle.

"And as there began to be wars and rumors of wars among all the nations which belonged to the mother of abominations, the angel spake unto me, saying: Behold, the wrath of God is upon the mother of harlots; and behold, thou seest all these things—

"And when the day cometh that the wrath of God is poured out upon the mother of harlots, which is the great and abominable church of all the earth, whose foundation is the devil, then, at that day, the work of the Father shall commence, in preparing the way for the fulfilling of his covenants, which he hath made to his people who are of the house of Israel."

Now the question will come: Define that Church. What Church is it? The Lord defines it, you can tell. Find any church that is great, that is abominable, whose foundation is the devil, and upon which the wrath of God is poured out in the last days, and then you have it. I can't define it any other way.

The Lord help us to know, by the power of revelation, that this is his Church, that it is not founded upon Peter or Paul or Joseph or Heber or any other human being, but only upon the power and authority of the living God, and upon the solid rock of revelation from Almighty God. Amen.

### HONORED LABORERS

"*TWO MEN I HONOR, AND NO THIRD.* First, the toil worn Craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Scepter of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a God-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; incrustated must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labor: and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: THOU art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

"A second man I honor, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavoring towards inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavor are one: when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?

"These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow wither it listeth."—*Carlyle.*



# Our Very Present Help\*

BY AMICUS

*Affectionately Dedicated to Dr. James E. Talmage*

ONCE at the hour of dawn I stood upon the ocean shore, waiting for the sunrise. On the horizon a sail moved slowly to the distance. Clear it stood before the sky, bright in light's earliest rays. But when the sun rose I could see the sail no more, for the brightness of his shining. Yet, I knew that the ship was there, sailing ever down the pathway of the light.

SO it is, I thought, with those whom God takes to Himself. While we stand in the twilight of our feeble faith, they move, splendid, to a wondrous destiny. When the Sun of His consolation has arisen on our sight, they are hid in the glory of His Presence. Then comes the day.

THERE was never a marriage without pain of parting. A mother will weep when her daughter is taken from her care. Yet, with loving anticipations, the daughter stands on the threshold of a sweeter life, of a high and holy estate. For her the future's promise speaks stronger than the call of dying pasts.

EVEN thus, also, is the trembling ecstasy of the soul whom God summons to that new life in His Presence. Whoso has heard the music of His speaking attends no more to the poor harmonies of earth. Whoso has beheld His golden splendor can see no longer in the twilight of our world. God comes very near, when eyes which have lighted for us can discern His beckoning hand.

WE think that God despoils our love. Rather is it true that He has allowed us brief foretaste of the joys prepared for them that love Him. Was it not He who gave our treasure? He has but borrowed His gift.

A JEWELER takes jewels that he may polish them, and repair their settings. When they are returned, they shine with new beauty. So God, the Master Workman, takes the precious jewels of our love, that the Hands which shaped their beginning may perfect them for endless life. When we receive them again, we shall know that He makes all things new.

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\*Editorial Note: These thoughtful and inspiring paragraphs are from the pen of one of "the honorable men of the earth", not a member of the Church but a true friend of the Latter-day Saints. We print strictly according to copy as received.

A GREAT king loved a humble maid, and sent his servants offering marriage and rich gifts. She marveled that one so exalted had inclined his eyes to the dust; but he set her upon his throne.

THE King of kings comes from His Glory to visit our humility. The Almighty descends from the constellations to exalt our weakness. The Lord of splendors seeks love in our mean dwellings.

OUR lives are more precious in His sight than even to ourselves. They are components of the eternal scheme, valuable in God's mind, which creation itself embodies. While we think of earth's brief sojourn, He knows an everlasting significance. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

FOR God the endless years are one enduring present. Every beginning is before His eyes; all ends are in His hand. This world and our brief life in it are small details in the intricacies of His vast design. They are as one cast of a shuttle in the loom of His eternity.

COULD God desire aught, we know that, above all else, it is the love of our heart. God loves even as a father, pitying his own children, and in this clothes our human love with the glory of a divine significance. We love Him because He first loved us: if we miss blessedness, it is because His love goes unrequited. He made man a little lower than the angels, and, for his first habitation, planted a garden of delight. He numbers the very hairs of the head, and rejoices when the wicked turns from wickedness.

BUT God is a jealous God; when He seeks the heart's love, He demands all. He strove to win us in our prosperity, but we would not listen. He sues for the love which grief has wounded, and exalts it with His comfort. He is the Father of the fatherless and the Husband of the widow. He is our Rock and our Habitation, and our Very Present Help in trouble.

SORROW, suffering and death—they do not thwart Him. They are angels sent to awaken us, that we may behold the splendor of His Day. They are goads, wielded at His command, "Compel them to come in". They are deep shades laid down to set forth the glowing colors of enduring love.

GOD opens the door of sorrow, but through it we may enter the home of His tearless joy. He leaves the path of adversity rough to our feet; but it is such a little way to the abode of His peace. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things: he shall be my son, I will be his God."

BLESSED, then, is sorrow: underneath are the Everlasting

Arms. Blessed is adversity: it opens the eyes of faith. We can not forget our troubles, but we can remember God. His it is to take away their bitterness.

IN life's loudest turmoil we may hear His speaking: "Be still and know that I am God." So the keen hearing of the prophet discerned His whisper above the tumult of storm and earthquake and mighty rushing wind. To him God was nearer than the thoughts of his own heart: His stillness was louder than the outcry of Nature's terrors.

WHEN God promised Abraham a thing which seemed impossible, Abraham believed, knowing God's Almightyness. Thus it was said that Abraham was the friend of God—he knew God. But God would have such a friend in every soul.

FAITH is divine friendliness in the heart of man. It is the power to think God's thoughts. It is the soul's sure knowledge of God's goodness, when it were too easy to believe in evil. Were God not good, there were no need for faith.

FAITH discerns realities, while reason hesitates at evidences. Through it we live by knowledge above understanding. By it we testify, even unwillingly, to God's unbreakable promises.

FAITH is the soul's life with God. It reaches out in the dark, knowing that it shall grasp a hand. It subsists in the confidence that the heart's desires—those things which we earnestly hope may be true—are the things which we were created to inherit. It is the eyesight of the soul. While the soul lives it must depend on faith.

WHEN we hunger or thirst, we seek food or drink. If weary with labor, we seek refreshment in sleep. If lonely and forsaken, we know that fellowship and sympathy may be found somewhere, and our pain decreases. Provision for every need is only the law of life. There is joyful requital for every proper desire of the heart. In this fact we have enduring faith.

CREATION is glorious in its compensation; yet the soul of man is not satisfied. There is thirst beyond the quenching of water: there is hunger beyond satisfying with food. "As the hart pants for brooks of water, my soul pants for Thee, O God; my soul thirsts for the Living God."

THE desire for God is the soul's strongest passion. All else men have forsaken, that they might, "haply, feel after and find Him". Many have fasted and tormented their flesh, hoping to win

sight of Him. That God lives, and that He gives eternal life, are hopes upheld by universal verdict. Who, then, is greater than the prophets and martyrs, or better than all the wise and good, that he should deny, when they believed and exulted?

IF nature provides to satisfy earthly cravings, can the soul's strong aspirations be in vain? If there is refreshment for thirst and hunger, is there naught for the soul but dust? The Eternal One has not scattered His power like smoke. The All-wise has not written His wisdom on the waves. Smoke does not believe itself a rock: waves do not hope to stand like hills. But the soul of man has ever held the hope of immortality.

THE thought of God is conscious energy, moulding and compelling. It is life's most potent force. That which a man thinks of God's character he begins to be: his thought of God is his own highest ideal. If he knows God's love, he becomes just and merciful, and strong in faith. If he knows God's power, he borrows strength against trouble, and learns patience in affliction. If he knows God's Almightyness, he begins to live the life of his eternal world. Any state of living is an abode of joy and peace to him who knows God's reality.

WHEN masons build a house they set stones together, and bind them with mortar. So God builds heaven with the souls whom love may unify. Thus He erects His own eternal habitation, His house not made with hands.

LOVE is the one activity in which we may cooperate with God. It is only obedience to His law of life, the end and reason of our creation. All that assists faith or righteousness is only a means of perfecting love.

IN desiring love, in loving others, we tread the first step to God's Presence. Love is the force which urges us to God. It is a gravitation stronger than the pull of suns and planets. It is man's title to divine heritage. "Whosoever loves is born of God, and knows Him; for God is love."

GOD sees through eyes that look with love and good will. Eyes that light with kindness discern God's likeness in every soul. When, of old, He trod our earth, surely He sanctified our dust forever. Henceforth, His very image is man himself, the proper object of our love, because of Him.

DO we regret gentleness unspoken and kindness unperformed? Do we bewail unworthy words and acts? We merely acknowledge



that love has not ruled our lives. Were there naught to repent we had fulfilled the whole law of God.

GOD'S law demands only those things which He created us to manifest. Love alone is the law's fulfilling: it is the all-binding cohesion in the world of life which makes for unity with God.

GRIEF, mourning, repentance for sin—they are just loneliness for God: the only real loneliness that the soul can feel. We yearn for absent friends, although, did we but know it, we yearn far more bitterly for God. Because the thought of His love consoles we are assured of His promises. This is the glory of faith perfect in love.

GOD shaped the mind of man solely that Almighty Power might be known as Love Divine. That is the greatest of all thoughts. The humble flower dares to love the sun, and we behold the glories born of her marriage with the light. This is a parable of the soul that looks to God.

A TRAVELER found an ancient book, and none could spell its writing. A learned man drew forth its meaning, and read anew the glorious song of a forgotten poet.

GOD is the poet whose writing few can read, and many spell not understanding. His is also the glorious Song of Life—blessed is the soul that sings it.

WHEN God's voice fell upon the formless earth, the universe achieved creation. Wise men say that He spoke a Word of Power, which was only His own beautiful Name.

"GOD" is the Word of Power which could make anew this world of sorrow and of sin. Could all know Him as He would manifest Himself, His tabernacle would be with man. Then there would be no more death; neither sorrow, nor crying, nor pain any more.

WHOSO attends His words enters on the way out of sin, error and the shadow of death. The heavenly life begins for every soul that learns to dwell with God. Whoso has viewed that life, even through the window of hope, ceases to mourn earthly joys, which all leave so soon.

WHEN the veil before the Holiest Place is lifted, and He is beheld between the Cherubim, who is it that we are come to worship? No strange majesty oblivious of our being. No ruthless power indifferent to our strivings. No dread tyrant eager to afflict and slay.

IT is He who planned the pitying heart of fatherhood and

devised the mother's love. It is He who paints glory on the flowers of the field, and who notes the pitiful small tragedy of the sparrow's fall. It is He who hastens to welcome the wastrel limping homeward, and who seeks the lost lamb in the wilderness.

YET He it is who binds the sweet influences of the Pleiades and guides Arcturus with his sons: who laid the foundation of the earth, and looses the bands of Orion. Thus we learn that mercy, patience and loving-kindness are the working principles of Omnipotence.

IT is with such a One that we have to do. His arm is strong to help, and His eye is watchful of our needs. As a child seeks safety in its mother's arms, so the soul of man turns for comfort to the Living God.

HE is the Author of life and the Hope of immortality.

HE is the Delight in every joy and the Sun of every morning.

HE is the Sweetness of early hopes and the calm Content of age.

HE is the Glory of wisdom and the Desire of them that seek it.

HE is our Shield and our Exceeding Great Reward.

HE is light and love; also life, resurrection and the faith that seeks Him.

ALL things whatsoever are in Him, and exist only that they may tell of Him. They are measures in His song of the ages, scanned to the rhythm of the moving stars.

IN all the eternal years God could be no nearer than He is today. His love is in the highest heaven no more truly than in the sorrow which drives us to Him. We may learn more devotion to Him, but none can scale the towering heights of His love. "In Him we live and move and have our being." But "we are also His offspring".

GOD binds loving souls together, as threads are woven in a silken web. No death can sever them in His unfailing grasp. Love that knows God defies the distance of earth and heaven: no parting can disturb it. It waits eager at the threshold, sure that the door will open.

LOVE is the seed of Everlasting Life sown in the soil of our mortality. It is the echo of God's voice which first commanded us to be. It is the soul's response to His insistent summons. It abides in the heart of man, the one unfaltering testimony to immortal Hope.

THERE is no death. It is an evening, when we talk of tomorrow. It is the shadow of faith's brief eclipse. It is the dropping

of an eyelid which hides the glory of the sun. Thus a man goes forth to his labor until the evening. Like him, when brief tasks are done, the longing soul also returns home.

"BLESSED", says the Master, "are those servants whom the Lord at His coming shall find watching. Verily, He will gird Himself and make them sit down to meat, and will come and serve them".

ENDLESS eternity contains one supermost moment—when, as by promise, we shall see Him as He is. Then shall we behold the One whom our heart has always sought; love's Very Self, for whose sake all loves have been conceived and born—the Beloved of all love, the One Eternal Reason beneath all devotion. Faith taught us to desire Him, and Hope strengthened our feet on the path-way to His Presence. But Faith and Hope are only Love called by other names.

LIFE'S darkest hour is God's hour. It is then that Hope and Faith are kindled, even as lamps are lighted in the night. Then dawns the unfading day of love and sight, when all life is renewed. As the shout of thunder stabs the silence of a solitary place, God's light rushes upon the darkness of our despair. Then we shall know—God is here.

THY sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw herself; for the Lord shall be thine Everlasting Light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

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### An Episode of Euthanasia

When Death caressed me with her lingering arms,  
And with cool palms stroked oft my beaded brow,  
And flashed dark eyes into my nervous sight,  
I smiled and welcomed her. Was she not very kind?  
Did she not ease the pain that wracked my limbs,  
And bid me swoon away in misty dreams  
Where all things beautiful entranced my eyes,  
And tunes of unborn melodies bid me hear  
What joy held in reserve for mortal ears?  
Because I had no fear, her arms unclasped:  
And, as a queenly-robed, immortal form,  
Beautiful beyond all earthly comeliness,  
She tarried but a moment to impress  
My lingering vision with her loveliness,  
And bade me wait till she should come again!

# Sunlight and Health

BY GEORGE H. MAUGHAN, DEPARTMENT OF PHYSIOLOGY,  
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE human body has been adapted to its environment by the experience of the ages. It has developed the power of resisting certain forces; and its well being has become dependent upon others. Among the beneficial stimuli are radiations from the sun. The body thrives in the light, and becomes less resistant to disease and more anemic in the darkness.

But the radiations from the sun extend beyond visible light into the much longer infra-red, or heat, waves and radio waves on the one side, and into the short ultra-violet on the other. Certain of these latter rays have great biologic power. For example, those having a wave length between 290 mu. and 313 mu. are responsible for most of the sunburn we experience when over-exposed on the beach. They possess most of the germicidal power in sunlight and are the rays which prevent rickets.

Rickets is a disease very common in children. It develops even though the diet contains an abundance of all of the ordinary food elements, including calcium and phosphorus. The symptoms in most animals which develop a severe case are very much the same. The bones fail to lay down the bony materials and consequently they are thin and weak. The ribs are beaded and the joints of the legs and arms are enlarged and contain an abnormal amount of cartilage. The animal is unable to walk without great difficulty and growth is retarded.

In our experiments, such a condition in chickens has been repeatedly cured in four weeks by supplying ultra-violet radiations, either from the sun or from artificial sources. The interesting and almost marvelous thing is that these unseen and unfelt rays, in some mysterious way, make the body able to use bone-building substances.

During the past two years, extensive experiments have been carried out, in the Department of Physiology of Cornell University, to determine the amount of exposure required to cure severe rickets. A study has also been made relative to the area of the body through which the rays enter; and the region in the spectrum concerned in the cure of the disease. Results have clearly shown that only short exposures are necessary. Five minutes daily irradiation from a quartz mercury vapor lamp or one-half hour in the sunshine is sufficient, but the rays must fall directly upon the skin.

The radiations are effective when they fall upon the parts of



the body that are not covered. Ordinary clothing, even one thickness, obstructs the rays; and certain of the longer ultra-violet waves which were formerly thought to be valuable have been found ineffective.

The Department of Hygiene, in cooperation with the Medical College, has made a study of the effects of weekly irradiations on control of common colds. The subjects have been groups of college students who were unusually susceptible to colds. Results show a marked reduction in number and severity of the attacks of this most troublesome malady. Indeed, many of these young men who were ordinarily subject to almost continuous colds in winter have been, during the period of irradiation, about as free from them as the ordinarily resistant individual. Most people are much less susceptible to colds in the summer than in winter. This seems to be partly due to the fact that they get more sunshine in summer than in winter.

A skin which is exposed to air and sunshine becomes, because of this fact, a better covering for the delicate tissues of the body. It adjusts more readily to changes in the environment. It resists the attacks of infectious organisms more successfully. Its glands and cell layers are more vigorous and healthy.

In summer time children should be given frequent, but moderate, exposures of the entire body to sunshine; or so dressed as to expose the arms, trunk and legs while they play out of doors. Perhaps adults could so plan their leisure hours and recreation and modify conventional dress as to secure for themselves more of these vital rays.

*Ithaca, New York*

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## Smoke

In times of gale, you curve—and sweep—  
When winds are stilled, you curl—and creep—  
A sinuous film of gray  
That hides the grandeur of the hills,  
And veils the smile of day.

Then, like dark spirits raveling  
Their robes as they go traveling  
A course mapped out for stars,  
Are you that shed those sombre flakes  
Which leave besmearing scars.

Sometimes your way you upward wend  
And unto me a picture send  
Of naiads clad in pearl,  
Or of a group of woodland nymphs  
In graceful dancing whirl.

Again my eager eyes discern  
You into other visions turn—  
I see processions, well defined,  
Of vestals in their virgin robes:  
The same ethereal kind

That master-wielders of the brush  
Upon their canvas wrought  
With the delicate precision  
Of their transcendent thought.

In pondering your imagery,  
This simile evolves for us—  
Your adverse mood depicts mankind  
In stage of primal crudity;  
Robbed of your soot, you symbolize  
Man's higher self—divinity.

*Provo, Utah*

GRACE INGLES FROST



HILL RAMAH—HILL CUMORAH  
Recently purchased by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

# The Hill Cumorah\*

BY PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS

I FEEL very grateful to the Lord, my brethren and sisters, that, through his mercy, all of us who are assembled here this morning enjoy the opportunity of meeting together in general conference, upon the ninety-eighth anniversary of the organization of the Church.

Reference has been made by the President of the acquisition by the Church of the spot of ground in the state of New York known as the hill Cumorah. It appears to me to be an event of such importance that I desire to devote the short time which is at my disposal this morning to a discussion of that subject. There have been some differences of opinion in regard to it, and in order that I might be correct in the statements which I make I have this morning finished a short manuscript which I would like to read—the first time, I believe, in my experience, that I have ever addressed a congregation in this manner, and I do it for the purpose stated.

## AN IMPORTANT EVENT

The purchase of this hill, which President Grant has announced, is an event of more than ordinary importance to the membership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The memories of the remote past which cluster round this sacred spot, its close association with the opening of the present gospel dispensation, which has resulted in bringing together this congregation of people, for without it this tabernacle would not have been erected, nor would we have been gathered here in worship today, and the thought which we entertain of the possibilities which its bosom may unfold, make the acquisition of this hill almost an epochal accomplishment in the history of the Church.

If our Bible chronology is correct, and it is at least the best we have, it was in the year 599 before the birth of Christ, our Lord, that Zedekiah was chosen to be king of Judea. His reign was of short duration, extending over a period of only eleven years. He was in rebellion against the Babylonian kingdom, and Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, with his armies, overran Judea, made Zedekiah prisoner, put out his eyes, killed his sons, and carried the king away captive to Babylon.

It was during the reign of this king that Lehi and his family,

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\*Address delivered at the ninety-eighth annual conference of the Church, Salt Lake Tabernacle, April 6, 1928.

Ishmael and members of his household, and Zoram, who had been a servant to Laban, left Jerusalem and began the journey which, in time, brought them to the American continent.

As a guide to their spiritual life these people brought with them that part of the Holy Scripture known to us as the Old Testament, which contained the first five books of Moses, the prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah and others of the ancient prophets. These records were engraved upon plates of brass.

#### TWO SETS OF PLATES

Soon after the arrival of these people and their establishment upon this continent, Nephi, the son of Lehi, was commanded to make other plates, on which a record of the history of his people was to be written. Two sets of plates were made from metal which was smelted from ores that abounded in the new world to which the Nephites had come; upon them Nephi commenced to record the history of his people. Both of these sets of plates which were made were called the plates of Nephi. Upon one set, which was called the larger plates of Nephi, the secular history of the people was kept, the reign of their various kings, their system of democratic government under the judges who were chosen by the voice of the people, and their wars and contentions. A smaller set was made, on which the religious history of the people was kept, their faith in God and the service rendered to him, their idolatry, the hand-dealings of the Lord among them, the predictions of their prophets, and the persecutions which they suffered because of their faith in, and adherence to, the doctrines taught by their fathers.

It was principally from these latter plates that Mormon made the abridgment which constitutes the volume known as the Book of Mormon. These records were carefully preserved, and passed through the hands of many different custodians before the history closed, which was more than four hundred years after the birth of the Redeemer of the world.

Besides these two sets of the plates of Nephi, and the brass plates which were brought from Jerusalem, there were twenty-four plates of gold, upon which was recorded a brief abridgment of the history of a people who came from Babylon to this continent long before the arrival of the Nephite colony. They left the old world at the time of the building of the Tower of Babel, about 2,200 years before the birth of Christ. It was from these latter plates that Moroni, the son of Mormon, transcribed that portion of the Book of Mormon known as the Book of Ether.

It was three hundred twenty-one years after the birth of Christ that all of these records came into the hands of Ammaron, who received them from his brother Amos, who was the son of Nephi, who



wrote the fourth book of Nephi, which appears in the Book of Mormon, as the following shows (I am quoting here, as I shall continue to quote, from the Book of Mormon itself);

"And it came to pass that when three hundred twenty years had passed away, Ammaron, being constrained by the Holy Ghost, did hide up the records which were sacred—yea, even all the sacred records which had been handed down from generation to generation, which were sacred—even until the three hundred twentieth year from the coming of Christ. And he did hide them up unto the Lord, that they might come again unto the remnant of the House of Jacob, according to the prophecies and the promises of the Lord. And thus is the end of the record of Ammaron."

#### AMMARON TO MORMON

One year later Ammaron called Mormon to him and gave him the following instruction:

"And now I, Mormon, make a record of the things which I have both seen and heard, and call it the Book of Mormon. And about the time that Ammaron hid up the records unto the Lord, he came unto me, (I being about ten years of age, and I began to be learned somewhat after the manner of the learning of my people) and Ammaron said unto me: I perceive that thou art a sober child, and art quick to observe; therefore, when ye are about twenty and four years old I would that ye should remember the things that ye have observed concerning this people; and when ye are of that age go to the land Antum, unto a hill which shall be called Shim; and there have I deposited unto the Lord all the sacred engravings concerning this people.

"And behold, ye shall take the plates of Nephi unto yourself, and the remainder shall ye leave in the place where they are; and ye shall engrave on the plates of Nephi all the things that ye have observed concerning this people.

"And I, Mormon, being a descendant of Nephi, (and my father's name was Mormon) I remembered the things which Ammaron commanded me."

Fourteen years after this charge had been given to Mormon he writes as follows:

"And now, the city of Jashon was near the land where Ammaron had deposited the records unto the Lord, that they might not be destroyed. And behold I had gone according to the word of Ammaron, and taken the plates of Nephi, and did make a record according to the words of Ammaron."

It will be observed that at this time only the plates of Nephi were removed from the hill Shim by Mormon.

#### YEARS OF CONSTANT WAR

It was forty years later, as near as we are able to fix the date, that Mormon again visited this hill, under different circumstances, as the following shows: Forty years had passed, forty years of constant war and bloodshed between the Nephite people and their enemies, the Lamanites. The Nephites were fleeing before their enemies, taking all of the inhabitants with them when Mormon says:

"And now I, Mormon, seeing that the Lamanites were about to overthrow the land, therefore I did go to the hill Shim, and did take up all of the records which Ammaron had hid up unto the Lord."

Mormon, after taking possession of the records, returned to the command of the Nephite armies. The sacred records, which had lain in the hill Shim for more than 50 years, were now in the custody of Mormon, and the Nephite people were fleeing before their enemies. Ten years later, ten years of hopeless struggle, Mormon again writes as follows:

"And I, Mormon, wrote an epistle unto the king of the Lamanites, and desired of him that he would grant unto us that we might gather together our people unto the land of Cumorah, by a hill which was called Cumorah, and there we could give them battle. And it came to pass that the king of the Lamanites did grant unto me the things which I desired. And it came to pass that we did march forth to the land of Cumorah, and we did pitch our tents round about the hill Cumorah; and it was in a land of many waters, rivers, and fountains; and here we had hoped to gain advantage over the Lamanites. And when three hundred and eighty and four years had passed away, we had gathered in all the remainder of our people unto the land of Cumorah.

#### IN THE HILL CUMORAH

"And it came to pass that when we had gathered in all our people in one to the land of Cumorah, behold I, Mormon, began to be old [this man, at this time, was past 70 years of age and was still the commander-in-chief of the Nephite army]; and knowing it to be the last struggle of my people, and having been commanded of the Lord that I should not suffer the records which had been handed down by our fathers, which were sacred, to fall into the hands of the Lamanites, (for the Lamanites would destroy them) therefore I made this record out of the plates of Nephi, and hid up in the hill Cumorah all the records which had been entrusted to me by the hand of the Lord, save it were these few plates which I gave unto my son Moroni.

"And it came to pass that my people, with their wives and their children, did now behold the armies of the Lamanites marching toward them; and with that awful fear of death which fills the breasts of all the wicked, did they wait to receive them."

#### THE FINAL DISPOSITION

So far as we have information, this was the final disposition which was made of the records given into the custody of Mormon, from the plates of Nephi. This latter, with the addition of the Book of Ether, and the few chapters written by Moroni, constitute the record contained in the Book of Mormon.

All of the remaining records, Mormon tells us, were deposited in the hill Cumorah.

That the hill Cumorah and the hill Ramah are identical is shown by the following: Moroni, in the Book of Ether, says:

"And it came to pass that the armies of Coriantumr did press upon the armies of Shiz [he is telling the story now of this first people who came to the American continent from the Tower of Babel] that they beat them, that they caused them to flee before them; and they did flee southward, and did pitch their tents in a place which was called Ogath. And it came to pass that the army of Coriantumr did pitch their tents by the hill Ramah; and it was that same hill where my father Mormon did hide up the records unto the Lord, which were sacred."

The passages which I have quoted from the Book of Mormon

and the more extended discussion of this subject by Elder B. H. Roberts which was published in *The Deseret News* of March 3 definitely established the following facts: That the hill Cumorah, and the hill Ramah are identical. That it was around this hill that the armies of both the Jaredites and Nephites fought their great last battles. That it was in this hill that Mormon deposited all of the sacred records which had been entrusted to his care by Ammaron, except the abridgment which he had made from the plates of Nephi, which were delivered into the hands of his son, Moroni. We know positively that it was in this hill that Moroni deposited the abridgment made by his father, and his own abridgment of the record of the Jaredites, and that it was from this hill that Joseph Smith obtained possession of them.

#### PART OF THE RECORD SEALED

Only a portion of the record which came into possession of Joseph Smith was translated, and is contained in the present edition of the Book of Mormon. Part of the record was sealed, which he was forbidden to translate. The first Nephi, foreseeing that which would occur among the descendants of his father, has this to say:

"And it shall come to pass that the Lord God shall bring forth unto you the words of a book, and they shall be the words of them which have slumbered.

"And behold the book shall be sealed; and in the book shall be a revelation from God, from the beginning of the world to the ending thereof. Wherefore, because of the things which are sealed up, the things which are sealed shall not be delivered in the day of the wickedness and abominations of the people. Wherefore the book shall be kept from them.

"And the day cometh that the words of the book which were sealed shall be read upon the housetops; and they shall be read by the power of Christ; and all things shall be revealed unto the children of men whichever have been among the children of men, and whichever will be unto the end of the earth."

#### FROM THE BOOK OF ETHER

The footnotes with that which I have read refer us to the book of Ether, from which I desire to read a few paragraphs:

"And the Lord commanded the brother of Jared to go down out of the mount from the presence of the Lord, and write the things which he had seen; and they were forbidden to come unto the children of men until after that he should be lifted up upon the cross; and for this cause did King Mosiah keep them, that they should not come unto the world until after Christ should show himself unto his people. And after Christ truly had showed himself unto his people he commanded that they should be made manifest.

"And now, after that, they have all dwindled in unbelief; and there is none save it be the Lamanites, and they have rejected the gospel of Christ; therefore I am commanded that I should hide them up again in the earth.

"Behold, I have written upon these plates the very things which the brother of Jared saw; and there never were greater things made manifest, than those which

were made manifest unto the brother of Jared. Wherefore the Lord hath commanded me to write them; and I have written them. And he commanded me that I should seal them up; and he also hath commanded that I should seal up the interpretation thereof; wherefore I have sealed up the interpreters, according to the commandment of the Lord. For the Lord said unto me: They shall not go forth unto the Gentiles until the day that they shall repent of their iniquity, and become clean before the Lord.

"And now I, Moroni, have written the words which were commanded me, according to my memory; and I have told you the things which I have sealed up; therefore touch them not in order that ye may translate; for that thing is forbidden you, except by and by it shall be wisdom in God."

#### AWAITING THE TIME

This sealed portion of the record which came into the hands of Joseph Smith but was not translated by him so far as we are aware, with the abridgment made by Mormon, the record of Ether, and the other sacred records which were deposited in the hill Cumorah still lie in their repository, awaiting the time when the Lord shall see fit to bring them forth, that they may be published to the world.

Whether they have been removed from the spot where Mormon deposited them we cannot tell, but this we know, that they are safe under the guardianship of the Lord, and that they will be brought forth at the proper time, as the Lord has declared they should be, for the benefit and blessing of the people of the world, for his word never fails.

According to the Book of Mormon, many hundreds of thousands of people fell in battle around this hill and in the immediate vicinity. It was here that two once-powerful nations were exterminated so far as their national existence was concerned. It was here that these nations gathered together for their last great struggles.

#### UNTIL THE LAST

These people were human, as we are; they carried with them their most precious possessions until the last, and when the end of the mighty struggle came and the result was in doubt, they hid them away in order that they might not fall into the hands of their enemies.

Without doubt, these treasures lie concealed today, some of them, at least, to be brought forth in the not-distant future. How soon this will be we do not know, but this is certain, we are more than a century nearer that time than we were at the time when Joseph Smith took from their resting place, in the hill Cumorah, the plates from which he translated the contents of the Book of Mormon.

All of these incidents to which I have referred, my brethren and sisters, are very closely associated with this particular spot in the

state of New York. Therefore I feel, as I said in the beginning of my remarks, that the acquisition of that spot of ground is more than an incident in the history of the Church; it is an epoch—an epoch which in my opinion is fraught with that which may become of greater interest to the Latter-day Saints than that which has already occurred. We know that all of these records, all the sacred records of the Nephite people, were deposited by Mormon in that hill. That incident alone is sufficient to make it the sacred and hallowed spot that it is to us. I thank God that, in a way which seems to have been providential, it has come into the possession of the Church.

I bear witness to you that the words which I have read here, quoted from the Book of Mormon, which refer to the future will be fulfilled. Those additional records will come forth, they will be published to the world, that the children of our Father may be converted to faith in Christ, our Lord and Redeemer, through obedience to the doctrines which he taught. May God our Father hasten that day, is my humble prayer, and I ask it through Jesus Christ. Amen.

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### WHAT WE NEED

We need *not* read all of the badness  
 The papers report every day;  
 Nor cling to the sorrow and sadness  
 So common in life's hurried way;  
 But we *do* need the strength and the gladness  
 We find when we fervently pray.

We need, then, to "pray without ceasing",  
 As Jesus our Savior has said,  
 Our souls from doubt's shadows releasing,  
 Creating heart sunshine instead.  
 Pure faith and good works thus increasing;  
 So shall we in safety be led.

We need to guard all we are saying,  
 That we may "offend not in word",  
 The prophet's wise precepts obeying,  
 As old and new scriptures record.  
 While studying, working and praying,  
 We need to live near to the Lord.

We need to accept all his warnings,  
 Confessing his hand in the rod  
 Which will lead us both evenings and mornings  
 In paths which the lowly have trod,  
 Towards life in its richest adornings—  
 Celestial, eternal, with God.



# Change of Sentiment

BY WILLARD W. BEAN, CARETAKER OF CUMORAH

**A**FTER Jesus was baptized of John in the river Jordan, he began his ministry in Galilee. It was not long before he paid his home town, Nazareth, a visit. On the Sabbath day, as was his custom, he went to the synagogue to worship. They handed him the book of Isaiah from which he read, beginning at what is now, in our common version, the sixty-first chapter, after which he closed the book and said: "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears." Or, in other words, I am He of whom Isaiah spake. Picture the scene. Listen to the comment: "Is not this Joseph's son?" And they were filled with wrath. Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, no prophet is accepted in his own country." And during his brief ministry he was variously accused of being a wine bibber, a gluttonous man, a friend of publicans and sinners, a mad man, a man that hath a devil, a desecrater of the Sabbath, a blasphemer, a stirrer up of sedition, etc.

When I arrived in Palmyra, with my family, in 1914, to take over the Joseph Smith farm and act as caretaker, we found the sentiment toward Joseph Smith not unlike that which prevailed at Nazareth toward the Master when he began his earthly ministry. I realized more than ever before the full significance of Jesus' saying: "No prophet is accepted in his own country." Joseph Smith was commonly referred to as a tow-headed, illiterate dreamer and fortune teller, an idle jack-knife swapper, a musk-rat and wood-chuck trapper, a chicken thief, sheep thief, smoke purloiner, visionary gold digger, etc. And they could prove it to their entire satisfaction from the accepted history of Wayne county, which has a wilfully and contemptibly written chapter on the Smith family and "Mormonism". This was read by each generation as it grew up, and the junior and senior high school students seemed to pride themselves in basing one of their oratoricals each year on this particular chapter. It was a popular theme, as the history was taken at face value. It also mentions, among other things, that an attempt was made in 1830 to proselyte the people of Palmyra to "Joe Smith's delusions", and Oliver Cowdery gave a talk in the "Young Men's Club" hall, but met with so cold a reception that he never made a second attempt and "Palmyra is well rid of a bad lot".

So, naturally, when the good people of Palmyra learned that a "Mormon" family had settled on the "old Smith homestead" near



FARM ON STATE HIGHWAY  
On the west side of the hill Cumorah

Palmyra, they were a little curious to see us, but didn't seem to warm up much toward their new neighbors. But that was quite natural and rather to be expected, especially after I had familiarized myself with local history and listened to the old stories that had been handed down from one generation to another. We were pointed out and discussed in all assemblies. Another thing that possibly gave occasion for some of the more fertile imaginations to work overtime on gossip, was that my wife happens to be some years younger than myself, and we brought two children, 12 and 14 years of age, from a former marriage. This, of course, was the latest addition to my harem, and that it was customary to live with each new one for seven years, etc. To help keep this gospel alive, five different anti-"Mormon" lecturers were booked to lecture in the churches on the four corners. Resolutions were passed by various auxiliary organizations of the churches, farmers' grange association, etc., pledging themselves to discourage any attempt at "Mormon" propaganda and to show their disapproval by non-attendance.

But they soon learned to tolerate us and, in time, to respect us; and, finally, decided that we were good citizens and an asset to

the community. About five years ago we purchased the J. H. Inglis farm, consisting of 97 acres, situated on the state highway and taking in part of the hill Cumorah. About three years ago we negotiated a deal whereby we came into possession of the Peter Whitmer farm in Fayette, Seneca county. This farm consists of 100 acres, and is historic by reason of its being the birth place of the Church, where part of the Book of Mormon was translated, where a number of the early revelations recorded in the Doc. and Cov., were received, and where the three special witnesses saw the angel Moroni and the gold plates.

While Pliny T. Sexton was alive, he phoned me to call at his office as he had a matter of interest to our people to talk over with me. He said that our people had entertained a desire to get possession of the property known locally as "Mormon Hill". He said that he had been thinking the matter over, and, as he was having a little trouble getting suitable tenants for his many farms, he thought the time opportune to let us have it at the "modest" price of one hundred thousand dollars. He seemed to be under the impression that we would be glad to get the hill at any price and



BUILDINGS ON CUMORAH FARM  
Taken from the side of the hill Cumorah



BENNETT FARM

Consisting of 220 acres which include the south end of the hill Cumorah

appeared somewhat annoyed when he was informed that he had set his price too high.

Subsequently, he died, leaving his vast property accumulations to one hundred two heirs, the nearest of kin being two nieces. When the question of disposing of the hill Cumorah property came up, certain of the principal heirs, influenced, more or less, by prejudice, were opposed to selling it to the "Mormons" at any price and were even willing to lose their share, if need be, to keep it from falling into our hands. Death removed some of those opposed and, early in the present year, it seemed that the coast was about clear of obstacles. I had a talk with the attorney who represented some of the more obstreperous ones and during the next meeting of the executors and heirs, or their representatives, there was no protest registered. The attorney for the estate called me by phone and wanted to see me at once. He seemed ready and eager to talk business; was in a very pleasant mood. After examining a number of propositions, one came up that I thought we might accept. I told him to put it in writing, sign it and get the other executor (one had previously died) to sign it, and I would make a deposit if necessary, and start negotiations. The agreement was written and signed. I

went home and immediately wrote to the authorities, enclosing the proposition with signed agreement, asking them to consider it if they felt that the right time had arrived for us to acquire the hill Cumorah. This was on February 2, and, in a few days, I received the following letter, dated also February 2:

Dear Brother Bean: Please secure a definite offer, in writing if you can possibly do so, from the executors of Mr. Sexton's estate, for the hill farm of 170 acres. If they will not sell it alone, get a definite offer on the other pieces of property with the hill. But to make it binding, it would be best to have this offer in writing. If you have to pay ten or twenty dollars to secure a thirty-day option, this would be the safest way to hold it. An early reply will oblige,

Sincerely your brethren,

HEBER J. GRANT,

A. W. IVINS,

C. W. NIBLEY,

*First Presidency.*

Rather a peculiar coincidence that they should be writing me the same day and possibly the same hour to do something which I was telling them I had already carried into effect to the very last detail. The same day I received a telegram saying that the deal was satisfactory and to proceed to get out abstracts, titles, etc.



"GRANGE HOME"

In the city of Palmyra, New York, included in the recent purchase by the Church



This deal included the north end of the hill Cumorah, once owned by Admiral William T. Sampson, consisting of 170 acres; the Bennett farm consisting of 220 acres, taking in the south end of the hill; the Tripp farm joining on the east, consisting of 92 acres, and the Grange Hall, in the village of Palmyra, a beautiful pressed-brick building, just off main street, near the busiest corners.

This gives us a total acreage of 818 acres of land where "Mormonism" had its beginning. The sentiment has so far changed that there is scarcely more than a faint echo of the former prejudice. Certain ones of the super-pious sort felt a little shocked when they read an account of the recent deal and expressed themselves as being fearful that we might establish a colony here, and our people reach a majority and run the whole community. But there is always somebody present who volunteers to defend us, by saying: "It would be a good thing if they do get possession. Those people run things right. If the people they have here now and the ones we have seen visiting here are fair samples, we can't get too many of them."

Hundreds of our young missionaries have been here, and, during our celebrations, a great many have had to stop at hotels and private residences in the village, and invariably leave a good impression which is far reaching. Landladies go out of their way to tell me of their splendid deportment. It seems to be common knowledge now that we have the cleanest group of young people in the world. People also travel more now-a-days. A number from our village who have been west, and stopped off at Salt Lake City, are very warm in their praise of the city and the treatment they received while there. Personally, we have plenty of friends, and are now trying to make friends for Joseph Smith and the revealed gospel that made him what he was. The change is most noticeable. It is no longer "Joe Smith's old home", but the Joseph Smith Farm. It is no longer "Mormon hill where Joe Smith dug up the Golden (or 'Mormon') Bible", but Cumorah Hill or Mt. Cumorah. A former tenant of the hill Cumorah farm, who used to drive our people off the hill, is now working for us and is glad of it. It would be a hard matter now for anybody to abuse the "Mormons", or say slighting things about us and get away with it. There is always somebody ready to defend us.

*Palmyra, New York*

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## MAKE MORE OF FAMILY LIFE

"How much more we might make of our family life, if our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! \* \* \* There are words and looks and little observances, thoughtfulnesses, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them."—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

# The Wisdom of the Wise

BY GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, JR., SUPERINTENDENT Y. M. M. I. A.  
SWISS-GERMAN MISSION

IT IS A FACT of general admission that both the peoples and powers of the earth have the desire to live at peace with one another. Mankind is not inclined, fundamentally, to have wars, nor to have strife. That the fruits of peace are much more desirable than the turmoils of war is an almost self-evident fact. Yet, we do not reach the longed-for goal.

Nations come together to establish good-will on a firmer basis, having the best intentions, and when they part they are often farther away than ever. Conferences, agreements, and leagues of the most solemn and pacific countenance have fallen miserably short of their goal.

An honest observation shows this to be true, not only in the case of governments, but also of individuals; a desire for a better and more profitable life, but a pitiable lack of ability to attain it.

These are characteristics of our present-day age, and of all ages of peoples and nations who are not actuated by the forces, the impulses, and the standards of true religion.

The Master taught that these very desirable characteristics are the fruits of faith; and that we can easily have them, if we but obey the laws governing them. He said further, that we should seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and that if we did, all things else of lasting value would be added unto us. And these words contain the key to the solution of our problems. We have had it for thousands of years in this or a slightly different form, and yet men cannot discover it in its full significance.

We live in a highly educated age (and the value of learning must never be underestimated); but our education in and of itself can easily blind us, rather than illuminate our lives. The attitudes and motives which transfer the knowledge into lasting and effective every-day life must be learned in a more spiritual school. Education deals in "hows" more than "whys", and we must have the fully developed and balanced view to attain that which we seek.

We must have something which will force us, or better said, guide us to do our best. True religion will do this, but wisdom or knowledge as sole driving forces have never succeeded. Education in and of itself is very materialistic, and yet the trend of history and life is not determined by the outward manifestations of nature, but rather by the inner. It deals with men's souls, with love, with hate,

with faith, with jealousy and the other passions. They are schooled, not by the craftiness of man, but by the Spirit of God.

There are certain tendencies of our modernism which are detrimental to progress in all fields of endeavor, and especially in this most important one, and which we must avoid or we shall be carried on with the flood past our objective and not recognize it.

The journalism of our day is highly critical, but unconstructively critical. And inasmuch as the printed word is both a cause and a result of popular opinion and mind, this has become a characteristic of the readers as well as the writers. How many articles are written, how many sermons preached, which point out the weakness of some prevailing system without attempting to formulate a remedy? We read such and have the feeling that something is wrong, yet we have not been given anything better.

That is a very dangerous state of mind, for it is purely destructive, and not constructive. When it is turned on religion, on true religion, and tested, its fallacy becomes obvious, for all attempts to provide a substitute have shown the error of the criticism rather than the criticised. If all would apply the test of logic, and of fact, the trouble would be solved, but the average man rather presumes that it is already a proved fact, and accepts the verdict as just and sufficient. We must guard against the tendency to let our thinking be guided by sensationalists, by scenario writers, by vaudeville entertainers and joke books.

A man says he would rather be broad-minded than religious, and infers thereby that the religious man is narrow-minded, which is a fallacious hypothesis. Such is, however, typical of the anti-religious argument. It deals in sophistry, and is calculated to stimulate ready approval rather than earnest thinking. It gives as answer to a sensible argument, a joke, which, unfortunately, tickles the ears of persons who have greater respect for wit than for profound thought.

We must rise above this cloud of easy-going approval to see the true nature and color of things in the light of reality. The religious person is painted by this false art as weak, ignorant, short-sighted, and highly impractical. The thought that he fears to do wrong spreads much faster than the true fact that he has the courage to do right. Christ, the ideal, has been falsely portrayed so much by word and brush that he is thought of as being weak, and effeminate; whereas, he was vigorous, active, and courageous. The basis of his doctrine was individual responsibility, which calls forth the best and most virile attributes of man. It requires faith, which is not blindness, but vision. It requires obedience, which does not mean fear to do, but dare to do.

Many philosophers, both before and after the Savior, have been able to evolve plans of peace which appeal to the reason, but which fail when applied. They do not seek the kingdom of God first, they seek "all things else", and of course they must fail. Their methods are solely material, and not spiritual. They attempt to ignore causes, and try to obtain the results.

This is illustrated in a civilization which does more to cure social disease than to prevent immorality; which tries to force discipline and order rather than teach brotherly love; which makes laws and tries to enforce them with physical force, rather than to instill the true principles of an orderly and happy life into the souls of men.

The learning of the world, all that is true and uplifting and good, may go hand in hand with true religion, the gospel of Jesus Christ, and only when it does can it achieve its high purpose. All these other things are means to the end, and should not be considered themselves as objectives. We must be spiritually balanced to effect an application. We must develop those qualities of character which are lasting, and which alone enables us to attain the goals which men and nations so long for—outward and inward peace.

This is the work of the gospel of Jesus Christ, to teach us these principles. We must learn them and obey them. It is the eternal law of cause and effect in its widest application. There is no other way.

*Basel, Switzerland*

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### THE SINNER'S PRAYER

I am weighted down with habits of sin  
Which bind me with fetters of steel.  
May the peace of thy spirit renew me within  
And the joy of repentance reveal.

I plead for mercy from heaven above,  
I pray not for power, riches or pelf.  
Oh, grant me a share in thy infinite love;  
O Lord, give me courage to conquer myself.

The fame of a conquering general is great,  
When behind him vast ruins we see.  
But, Father, I crave no such honor or state,  
Oh! please give me power to conquer just *ME*.

*Beaver, Utah*

E. CECIL MCGAVIN

# Knowledge of Technique

BY CHAS. KENT, SUPERVISOR OF MUSIC,  
PUBLIC SCHOOLS, ROCK SPRINGS, WYO.

WE have voices and natural talents in this country that can easily compete with those of any other nation on earth, but, as everything tends toward the mighty dollar, study is neglected, and get-rich-quick singing is uppermost in the student mind. The slogan of the day seems to be, "get wise quick." The result is a decadence in vocal standards; purity of tone and artistic ideals are neglected, and loud singing and questionable effects substituted. There is a lack of desire for knowledge of technique; operatic arias, and particularly the dramatic ones, inspire the youthful aspirant and, as a consequence, many teachers are forced against their better convictions to cater to the student's erroneous ideas.

The obvious time to correct this tendency is at a very early age, and the appropriate place is in the schools. Here is your opportunity to render an invaluable service to the nation. You can begin to cultivate the child's appreciation and, through normal gradation, create a desire for purity and artistry, instead of the bombastic and the spectacular. It is an interesting fact that the child's mind is like a thirsty sponge, ever ready to absorb. His mind in the receptive stage gives music the great opportunity to make its appeal through expression. This must be transmitted by the teacher; it can not be told or taught. Some wise man has said, "You cannot learn nothing to nobody." This applies particularly to the vocal question in the child. Give anyone a tone, and more especially a child, and he will approximate the pitch without reasoning how or where to acquire it. A good tonal example will generally induce a better response than a poor one, especially in children, who are natural imitators. A tonal example that is agreeable and free would unconsciously appeal to the child's hearing and create a genuine interest. Feed the youthful mind with these subtleties rather than with drier mechanics. It is obvious that the teacher himself, in order to accomplish this, should be able to sing a tone with correct vocal production. How otherwise would you expect to inspire the child with the proper appreciation? To improve the child's voice, you should cultivate your own so that you can illustrate correctly. This will benefit the speaking as well as the singing voice. Your work will be enhanced almost beyond conception. You must educate your own hearing if you are to educate the ear of the child towards his own organ.

I feel that this most important and valuable part of the work



is the most neglected—to teach one to hear himself. It is inconceivable to me how anyone can fail to hear himself when the ear is correctly educated. It is merely an evolution toward keen aural appreciation. Physicists state that the ear as a sense is even keener than the eye. I have repeatedly demonstrated to myself and to others that our aural perception of our own tone production is an absolute and essential necessity. It is necessary to have the child learn to know through hearing, by teaching it the correct pitch and the tone quality desired. He is not encumbered at this period with methods and so he can the more easily learn inductively. Those who can not hear themselves have never been taught to develop that sense. It is best to allow children slowly to mature, musically and vocally, through induction. To sing correctly and artistically, many qualifications are needed. Voice, musicianship, intelligence and imagination are the principal qualifications.

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### PIONEER DAYS IN ARIZONA

It was during the time of serious Indian troubles, in the 80's, that a small party of "Mormon" pioneer farmers from Utah were on their way to the Gila valley, in southern Arizona. They had heard of frequent Indian depredations and murders in the very country through which they were passing and they realized their great danger.

One morning, as they were about to break camp, on the Mogollon Mesa, south of the Little Colorado River in Arizona, they gathered in a circle about the dying embers of their camp fire. The leader of the party raised his hands and, as the others bowed their heads, prayed to God for his blessing and protection.

Just then something else was happening about them. A band of Apaches were stealthily creeping upon them in the sur-

rounding underbrush. The Indians were within a few yards, had their bows and arrows, their tomahawks and guns, all ready for the signal from their chief to pounce upon the little party of pioneers and massacre them, when, suddenly, with bowed heads and upraised hands, the travelers began to pray to God.

The Indians did not wait for the signal from their chief, but crept quietly away, expecting, as they gathered again, to be punished for acting without his orders. But, instead of punishment, the chief said he was glad they had not harmed these white people, because they were children of the Great Spirit to whom they prayed.

Three of the more friendly Indians left the band, overtook the pioneer party, as they were driving on in their wagons, and told them how they had barely escaped massacre.—*LeRoi C. Snow.*

# A Worldly Paradise

[An interesting letter, written by Dr. Geo. W. Middleton, of Salt Lake City, while on his recent visit to the Hawaiian Islands, to Dr. Frederick J. Pack, Department of Geology, University of Utah.—*Editors.*]

Honolulu, Mar. 20, 1928

Dr. F. J. Pack,  
My Dear Friend:

I have had several eventful days since the good ship *Malolo* came to anchor in this harbor. This is surely the paradise of the Pacific.

As you know, from the geologist's viewpoint, the islands are all volcanic. Doctor Gregory of Yale tells me, and I think you told me before, that it is all tertiary and post tertiary. Some of these mountains look very ancient to me, and, of course, some of the stuff is still pouring from the active craters.

I will tell you first of the visit to Kilauea. We left this island in the evening for an all-night cruise. In the early morning we found ourselves anchored at

Hilo, on the shore of Hawaii, the largest island. In the forenoon they took us through the sugar cane plantations, and in the afternoon we drove up to the Volcano Hotel, on the edge of the crater. A preliminary trip around the periphery, in the cool of the evening, was very instructive. They showed us tree casts, where the flowing lava streams have surrounded huge forest trees, and solidified and then burned out their wooden core. At the national observatory, they had a picture-slide lecture, showing many of the different flows in action, and explaining their various phenomena.

In the early morning I joined a hiking party, and we went right through the heart of the great crater of Kilauea, three miles in diameter. The trail has been



KEANAKAKOI CRATER VOLCANO, HAWAII

well marked with boulders, and our guide had no trouble in finding his way. In 1924 this was a seething, boiling mass, sixty feet deep, of white-hot lava. In every direction were jets of steam and smoke relieving the internal tension. The wandering winds have scattered the seeds of flowers and ferns across the waste, and, wherever a pocket accumulates a bit of soil, plant life begins to show itself. At the end of our three-mile hike, we came to the brink of the inner crater, Helamaumau, which is 3,500 feet across and 1,200 feet deep, with perpendicular, crumbling walls.

In 1924 this whole thing shot out and sent boulders weighing tons to the height of a mile and a half. Once in every while it fills up and overflows its rim, and sends a stream or streams of lava toward the sea. At the present time it smoulders only, but nobody knows when it will burst forth. The principal danger to visitors when it is in eruption is from falling stones, or from being hemmed in between two streams. One visitor, two or three years ago, found himself so hemmed in, and he saved himself by throwing a large kodak to the center of the stream, and making the distance across in two jumps. One man was killed by a falling stone in the great explosive eruption of 1924.

We went many hundred feet through a huge volcanic tube, the nature of which you first explained to me many years ago. Kilauea is on the flank of Mauna Loa, but there appears to be no synchronism in their action. Mauna Loa erupts once about every seven years, but Kilauea every few months.

A night cruise brought us back to this most interesting city. The vegetation is varied and ornamental. Nearly all the shrubs and trees bear blossoms of some kind, and the color scheme of nature is most pleasing. The bougainvillea, in its variously brilliant shades, is the most conspicuous. In some respects, nature has reversed the order of things here. For the most part, she hangs her ponderous things on fragile vines, where they develop on the surface of the earth, and where they

cannot fall and do damage; but here we see these huge cocoanuts at the top of palms forty or fifty feet high, where they might ripen and fall at any moment. Imagine the ignomy of having your head broken by a falling cocoanut. The huge banyan tree, as you know, is a compound tree. When the branch reaches, in its growth, a certain horizontal distance from the trunk, it drops down a tendril, which takes hold in the soil and rapidly becomes another trunk, rivaling in size the primary one. In this way, one tree spreads over a great space, and maintains itself by the multitude of its trunk roots. Palms of most all kinds grow without effort. The stately royal palm, with its symmetrical, smooth trunk, looks like a Grecian column, and when they have been laid out in a row they look like an ancient colonnade. The cocoa palm and the banana palm are ubiquitous.

The most interesting of all things to me are the people. Nine different nationalities are represented. Add to that all the crosses imaginable, and you have some idea of the racial problem. From everywhere these little oogie eyes are looking at you. The islands are prolific in children. At the Aquarium, two kindergarten teachers came in with a group of thirty to forty children. The inquisitive little oogie eyes sparkled with interest. They all looked alike to me, but those teachers could point out, without effort, the differences between the Chinese, the Japanese, the Koreans, the Filipinos, etc. There is no race prejudice, and inter-marriage across racial lines is the common thing. Doctor Gregory tells me that the cross between Chinese and Hawaiian, and probably the cross between Caucasian and Hawaiian bring out the best qualities of both races. It will be an interesting thing in the decades forward to see what this mongrel race is going to attain.

These mongols are patient, industrious, thrifty and clean. The problems of the centuries forward in the history of the United States revolve around these people. When Americans have committed race suicide, and grown too proud and haughty to work, these yellow men may be the



Of all things Hawaiian, the people are the most interesting

scourge that awaits them to punish them for their racial sins. The Hawaiian, as a race, is rapidly dying out. Inter-racial marriage and high infantile mortality spell their doom. Of the 24,000 still remaining, more than half of them belong to our Church. The mission seems prosperous, and the name "Mormon" is at a premium among all classes here.

Waikiki beach is the playground of the rich from all countries, but principally from the States. It is a beautiful beach, with coral sand and green-blue surf. The water remains the same temperature as the

superimposed air, and the people bathe with delight the year round.

A young man by the name of Ford Clark was assigned to be my cabin mate on the return trip from the volcano. He has been sociable and courteous. He says, "Tell my friend, Professor Pack, that I am one that never forgets."

My love to you and your family. I will get at those letters about which we talked, but I was seasick on the way, and am just now coming to earth in the midst of this paradise.

Sincerely your friend,

GEO. W. MIDDLETON

## HOUSES

They're not just houses in a row,  
They're homes where fire-lights softly glow  
And hearts are tuned with love and joy;  
A bit of pain to make alloy,  
With gold and dross in changing gleams;  
A place of hopes and faith and dreams.

Each one a sanctified retreat;  
A call to tired returning feet;  
Where wife and child and love abide;  
A door that shuts the world outside;  
Sustaining force for worth-while deeds,  
But quick to serve a neighbor's needs.

The latch-key fits, this one is mine;  
Behind its walls a peace divine;  
A light to call when footsteps stray;  
A memory to guide the day;  
A tie that binds where e're I roam—  
God bless each little house that's Home.

# Eden

BY ALBERT R. LYMAN

Starting from camp that second morning, with my solitary trail reaching wearily on through desert silence, strange memories seemed peculiarly ready to awake from mysterious, old chambers in my subconsciousness. I wondered if it could be a dream which had drifted to my drowsy brain as I slept in that midnight solitude,—a remarkable dream arousing emotions and ambitions for something immortal. Yet, the same thing had hung on the echoes of the cavernous gulches the day before; I had almost caught it in the wildly sweet notes of a thrush nesting in tall greasewoods.

Within us "there rises an unspeakable desire after a knowledge of our buried life," and I attributed my vague longings to that desire. Whatever it was, coming in the sacred hush of that splendid isolation, it aroused instincts strangely primeval, making the coarse realities of my surroundings bitter in contrast. I would have given a horse to recall it all clearly, as I followed my pack along that dusty trail. The gray sentinel rocks gazing solemnly down upon me, and their brother sentinels shrouded in mists and haze of distance, no doubt, held the secret unclouded in their ancient hearts as a heritage of their vigil through the long ages, and they seemed ready to speak wondrous things.

I had never been there before. Away yonder, by the point of that sombre nose on the desert's solemn profile, I was to find Scarecrow Springs, and meet a representative of Snide and Smithers. I gazed at that portentous nose, tracing ominous lips on the horizon below it, and a flowing beard as of a hoary oracle. Sleeping memories stirred feebly in their tombs from an ancient world; a hush fell on the whisperings of the desert. The face of a certain man came to my recollection—the face and form of a man I had known as

the chief florist—the florist of the palace. But why his charm, why I loved him, what palace, or what this man of strange memories was to me, I would not pause to consider lest the spell be broken.

His name—his name—it hung stubbornly just beyond reach of my tongue's eager effort to speak it. Yet, I had surely known and spoken it as I gazed in the friendly eye of the florist by the vine-covered wall. His eyes came plainer still to my recollection, eyes with a keen twinkle or humor and brows of firmness and chivalry. His glance inspired courage, his smile gave cheer and kind lines ran around his resolute lips.

The chief florist resembled no man in my recent acquaintance, for I recalled him clearly,—six feet in height, commanding and beautiful in appearance. And, inexplicable but sweet to contemplate, I loved him. I recalled the assuring grip of his hand, his friendly arm around me, and my glad response to his magnificent courage.

But why? What could it mean? Why should these unusual things engross me in the remoteness of this wilderness till my natural environments became trifling matters far away? I was sure his name and whole situation stood imperishably there in the undying archives of my psychic self, as sure of it as of words or names I cannot for the moment recall though they have been common to my speech for years.

Then, in those rising memories, I caught the outline of a woman's face! The love of man is dear to the heart, but, Oh, the charm of a lovely woman—especially this woman!—this woman revealed to me by the sentinel rocks of the ages!—this woman called back, by the portentous oracle of the desert, from the realms "of our buried life"!

Who was she? Where could she be found in narrow earth or the vast border-



land? Was she the florist's friend? Yes, the florist's friend, but more to me than to him—more to me than to any other man. Her eyes resembled his, her lips showed strength and kindness sweetly blended. Was she his sister?

I could recall meeting her in a leafy arcade from which we rowed our light bark over a clear lake, the bright moon reflected in the blue depths beneath us. Her name—Oh, that dear name of her's, rich in lovable suggestion, it came nearer than his name to my power of speech; it tortured me with its nearness by coming no nearer. But from it I remembered the touch of her hand, the mighty lure of her deep-brown eyes, her voice gentle and low with persuasion of music echoed from hidden bowers.

The inexorable commonplace of the desert persisted in heartless antipathy to all these immortal intuitions; "the thee in me which works behind the veil," longed to disengage from dense elements and fly in search of beloved hopes primeval. The dust from my horses' hoofs rose up in stifling clouds to attest the unremitting claims of earth upon me. But I knew this was no echo of a wild dream, no caprice of a meaningless fancy; it dwelt too deep in my incorporeal self, its sway was too mighty, it was too sweetly real to be a dream. My intense desire had found response in the repository of profound memories, soul-records of wondrous worlds long, long ago.

Something broke the mysterious spell, "it faded into light of common day." The sombre nose on the desert's rugged profile lost form as I approached it, the hoary oracle disappeared. Dusty and weary, with the sun sinking low, I saw what I took to be Scarecrow Springs at the foot of the mountain. A man with two horses had already camped there and kindled a fire.

While my tired animals drank feverishly of the cool water, the stranger came down from his fire and held out his hand. "I'm Dan ———," he said, "I represent Snide and Smithers."

I took his hand, but my jaw dropped as I drew in a long breath of surprise and

bewilderment: He was the chief florist! —the eyes, the mouth, the brows and all, unless he lacked something of being as tall as I had seen him. He was the very man I remembered seeing in the flowers by the palace wall, or my mind had become terribly twisted.

"Excuse me,—" he hesitated, studying my face, "but I've seen you before."

"There's no doubt about that," I answered, relieved with his assurance of still being in safe mental balance, "but where was it?"

"I'd like to know," he declared, eyeing me eagerly. "I was in Cuba two years and I've been in most of the states east of Texas."

"I was in the British Isles, and I've been in most of the states east of Utah," I suggested.

"That's mighty strange," he affirmed, shaking his head, "for I've seen you before."

"I've been in New Mexico a number of times," I said, gazing in wonder at his familiar features.

"I was never in New Mexico till this trip," mused the florist, trying to fathom the mystery.

A continuous fire of questions and answers, till we got our horses hobbled in the grass on the hillside, convinced us our pathways in life had never touched before. He went to his panniers for frying-pan and canned stuff, wondering deeply on the strangeness of our mutual acquaintance. "But the most remarkable feature of this whole affair," he reflected, coming back to the fire, "is that you remember me as a florist. It's been the secret of my life that I want to raise flowers more than I want to do anything else. I just simply can't get that flower phase of it out of my mind."

"I'm as sure I saw you in the flowers as that I see you by this fire," I declared, the reality of it returning in a measure as I spoke. "I can almost call your name, but not the name Dan ———. What I can't account for, is that you're six inches shorter than you were then."

"Well," he pondered, seeming to view it from my angle, "I could have been

taller and heavier, but for severe sickness in early childhood. My father stood six feet or more."

"Then it's just the failure of your body to reach your former size," I commented.

"But the flowers—" he persisted. "I had a little flower bed at home,—” he paused, looking down in the flame, and the kind lines around his resolute lips seemed to twitch with emotion. "I used to take Rill and the baby out to look at and smell the blossoms in the morning and when the sun went down." He paused again. "You see Rill was my wife—she died—I kept the flowers for the little girl." He brushed his eyes and looked away at our horses, just visible in the falling shadows. "The little girl was run over by a team and has to live in a hospital. I had no heart to keep the flowers."

The poor little girl,—a choking lump came in my throat as I thought of the motherless cripple, living her cheerless life in that weary prison. He said she was ten years old, and he seemed hungry to tell me all about her, but I must have turned him at a tangent back to the flowers.

While he talked and looked at me from under those familiar brows, I repressed a strong impulse to put my arm around him as he had sometime done with me, but I feared he would misunderstand. He would have to learn more of the primeval existence and grasp by slow degrees the things I had been taught from infancy. Those principles would console him for his empty home and the motherless child, and he might take heart to marry again instead of thinking in despair that all love ties have the inevitable parting of death ahead of them.

Also, and perhaps it impaired the quality of my sympathy, I wanted very much to know about his sister; surely he must have a sister.

"You see," he objected, regarding me from the keen eyes I had recalled that forenoon in the shadow of the desert sentinels. "I was never taught this remarkable doctrine; instead, I was poisoned against it and against your people. If the practice of your principles gives you

any unusual privileges, you have that advantage over me. I really wish I could believe and accept it, but it would be mighty hard to make so tremendous a change."

The business of Snide and Smithers took but twenty minutes of our time, and we reverted at once to our former conversation, discussing it with spirit till long after midnight.

"That idea of my having known Rill before I met her and married her here, and then of having her again for my wife in an endless hereafter;—Oh, I wish I could grasp and accept that. And the idea of the little girl suffering all these things for some wonderful, immortal purpose;—in a way, that is supremely sweet; I like it,—but something in me revolts uncompromisingly at the very name of 'Mormonism'."

My dear florist had been "blinded by the craftiness of men;" he wanted the truth under some popular name. But he had a sister, an only sister, Jane ———. She was single—twenty-four years of age. Without being at all impertinent, I ascertained that much early in the evening. Since her mother died she had lived and traveled with him much of the time, and right now she awaited his return in Palude, a little Mexican town the other side of the mountain.

I could pacify myself with nothing short of a resolution to accompany him next to Palude. If it had been to Chicago, to New York, or to Liverpool, my resolution to go would have been formed quite as readily, for I wanted to see the florist's sister more than I wanted to see any other person. Yet, for some unknown reason, I blamed myself for the plan, especially since I led the florist to believe my trip over the mountain was undertaken for quite another purpose. Still, he welcomed my company and we devoted every foot of that long trail to the vital matters we had considered by our midnight fire.

At the little adobe hotel in Palude, I met his sister. That meeting in the stuffy lobby was the apex of some tremendous anticipations, and he introduced me with

flattering compliments. Under other circumstances I would have been delighted to meet such a girl, beautiful, intelligent, refined, and I hope I betrayed no improper signs of disappointment, for bitter disappointment settled upon me as a dark cloud. Jane —— was only a stranger to me. From nowhere on the palmiest of old memories could I find an echo of her voice, a shadow of her face.

I spent the evening with them in the hotel, trying to make the best of a very unpleasant situation. Bidding them good-bye next morning, I rode back, to camp alone at Scarecrow Springs and to make the three-days' ride separating me from Utah. I tried, in the solitude, to crystallize my conclusions about that wild-goose chase to Palude, and to solve the perplexing paradox of the florist's only sister not being the woman I had remembered.

When I reached that part of the trail where the sombre nose and the face of the hoary oracle could be seen on the profile of the desert behind me, the strange memories awakened again; the florist's mysterious friend became real, so real that the very thought of there being no such person was too terrible to entertain.

I longed to see the florist again, and, after reaching home, I wrote him, sending books and literature on the truths I wanted so much to have him know, but he made no reply. Years passed and my meeting with him became one of the strange riddles in my memory of experiences.

After ten years, I was registering one day in a hotel in a busy center of eastern Colorado and a man's arm fell across my shoulders. I looked up in surprise at the face of the florist, my name on his firm lips. A cloud of gloom hung over him, his eyes showed sleeplessness and sorrow. "Come with me," he said in a hoarse whisper, hardly allowing me time to give my suitcase to the clerk before hurrying me to his car at the curb.

"It's the little girl," he sighed, smothering bitter thoughts as he set the machine in motion, "she's made a long fight, but it's no use;—I'll soon be alone."

I said little, though I learned that his sister had married in the distant East. He

begged pardon for failure to answer my letters. "I intended to do it," he explained, "but I delayed, and then there was my stupid prejudice. Oh, we are strange creatures."

We must have broken the speed limit along those busy streets, and when we stopped at a hospital he took me with him as if my presence were as necessary as his own.

We entered a little chamber with but one bed where a young woman, thin and pale, lay silently in white sheets, her brown hair spread in rich profusion on the linen pillow; but, from the look of her pinched, quiet features and closed eyes, I thought she was dead. The florist knelt beside her, taking her thin hand in his and whispering softly in her ear.

She looked wearily at him, and at me. Then her eyes opened wide and she brightened as if to speak. It was the face of sacred memories—the florist's friend!—the woman of the green bower with whom I crossed the lake, the moon above, the blue depths beneath.

"Oh, is it really you?" she exclaimed in soulful voice, raising her wasted hands towards me in love and delight.

That voice, gentle and low and rich with irresistible persuasion; the suffering and anguish of years could not disguise it, nor could the shrunken flesh and lines of pain disguise that face.

"I knew you'd come," she said in a glad ecstasy, trying to rise, "I dreamed Papa brought you."

Arising, the florist took me in his arm as he used to do in the remote past, drawing me firmly, yet tenderly, to the bedside of his daughter, "You're the man she's waited for and longed for all this time," he whispered with a sob. "Don't fear me," and he placed her slender hand in mine.

"O Eden!" I groaned, the wondrous name returning with a rich glory of old memories: dear scenes and words and hopes and loves of a radiant long ago came back, as the light of a world from which I had wandered afar. The wonderful things of those worlds cannot be spoken in our

barbarous language,—but tears, poor, humble tears of love, are our only means remaining to express the dear memories when they return. I could but give my silent tears in renewal of my love pledges to Eden in the leafy bowers of the other life.

"I have longed and prayed to see you," she sobbed, tightening her feeble grip on my hand. "In this silent, lonely room for long days, and months, and years;—Oh, I wondered why it should be, and I listened and prayed, and the light broke into my prison house—I remembered—I remembered you. I know my soul hath elsewhere had its setting and cometh from afar;—you know what I mean. I have looked wearily for your face, but always, till now, I have been disappointed."

"I've looked for you, Eden, but I had no idea where to go."

"I had to see you," she panted, already having overdone her weakened powers, and seeming to feast her eyes upon me, "I couldn't go till you came. I don't know

*Blanding, Utah*

why—you know why, you understand—something must be done for me when I'm gone, I can trust you—you'll do it."

"Yes, I know it, Eden, I'll never rest till it's done," and I caught from her steady gaze thrilling memories of what had been, thrilling forecast of things yet to be.

"Kiss me," she gasped, drawing me to her, "I have no wish to stay and suffer longer—you know what I would tell you—I'll tell you when you come—"

She settled back in exhaustion on the pillow and closed her eyes, her lips pressed together in firm satisfaction—the toiling pulse in her wrist grew still. The florist's friend—but more to me than to him!

"I have rebelled long enough," sobbed the florist, smoothing her brown hair back from her white brow, "I believe every dear word you have told me. Tell me about it again, that what you do for the dear little girl, I can do for Rill and be prepared to enter the joy of the old home again when this weary pilgrimage is over."

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## WHEN YOU LOOK AT THE STARS

We all have vision of worlds afar.  
 What do you see when you look at a star?  
 Some gaze only in wonderment  
 At the studded gems in a firmament;  
 Some see only the lantern eye  
 That searches deep where our follies lie;  
 Some see loneliness, cold despair;  
 Some see the eyes of a loved one there;  
 Some see only a candle gleam;  
 Some see worlds and a Maker's scheme;  
 Some see far on the misty way,  
 Where the star-dust arches from night to day;  
 Some see only the falling star;  
 Some gaze on where the fixed orbs are;  
 Some see hope and its ecstasy;  
 Some see God in his majesty.  
 We all have vision of worlds afar.  
 What do you see when you look at a star?

*Mesa, Arizona*

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN

# The Marry-Go-Round

BY EDNA NELSON

Sally was the oldest child and, consequently, the inherent leader in all the family at fault finding;—in what they did and what they didn't, what they had and what they hadn't, where they lived and where they didn't live.

This night there was a general airing of grudges at the dinner table, precipitated by a remark from Sally that she wished they lived "decently" near town so that she wouldn't have to spend half her day getting there. "Every day I spend exactly one hour and one-half on my way to and from school," she said hotly. "That means seven and one-half hours every week and three hundred hours every school year. Just think what I could do with that time if I lived near school," she complained. "I could study music or get all my lessons in that time. And then," she added haughtily, "it isn't like there's anything out here after you get here. I don't see why you ever moved out here, anyway."

Her younger sister, Mary, of high school age and aping her smart friends' sentiments, interposed, "Yes, and I feel so mortified when I have to tell people we live way out here. They act as though we're pioneering, and ask me if we have electric lights and street cars and everything."

Even young Tom chimed in and said he'd like to live where there was just about two square feet of lawn to take care of, no garden to irrigate and no chickens to feed. He, too, queried, "Why did you move out in the sticks, anyway, Mom?"

His mother answered patiently, "We did it simply for the sake of you children. We wanted to give you room to play in and a place in which to develop healthy, strong bodies. I was lonesome at first, but I like it now."

"Well, believe me," said Sally, "when I marry, I'm going to live right on Main street, where I can trot down town two or

three times a day and have all the gayety, noise and bright lights of the street right outside my door. Even from the front, this house has no style. Inside, its nice and rambly and large enough, but who knows it? When I have a home, I'm going to have one with a grand, imposing entrance. And in my dining room," she said scornfully, glancing across the room, "I'm not going to have an old couch like that relic under the window there. Nobody has couches in their dining room, now. I don't see why we must."

"I hope, my dear," said her father, "that you'll be able to gratify all those whims of yours in your own home, and I'm sure as far as I'm concerned, you may arrange your furniture as you wish. But that couch there, I like. We had it made especially for you children—very low and wide and springy so that you could lie on it by the fire, in the days before the furnace. And we used to have some delightful romps on that couch," he finished wistfully.

"Just the same," interjected Sally, "I think it's hideous." She went on in her reverie, "I'm going to have a lovely little new apartment, with cunning lamps and easy chairs and lots of pretty cushions. We're going always to dine on lace doilies on a highly polished table. I don't see why people can't use good taste and style. It certainly is more stimulating to the appetite."

A month later, under a summer moon, Jim and Sally found they agreed perfectly about an apartment. It was easily found, engaged, and August found Mr. and Mrs. James Stillman Payne ensconced cosily in a small, new apartment with its very windows giving a view of the dazzling lights of Main street. There were pretty lamps and pillows in the room, easy chairs, and Sally and Jim dined in state.



There appeared, at first, only one flaw in the arrangement. Inasmuch as the living room acted at night as a bedroom, there was no adequate space for all of Jim's shirts and all of Sally's frilly things. The kitchenette cupboards were filled so soon that there was no room for Sally's lovely vases or fancy glassware. The books they both liked were stored out of sight at Sally's mother's. But they managed, after a fashion.

A few weeks after they moved in, Sally had to wash her curtains. She remarked to her mother, "I didn't know curtains had to be laundered so often."

Her mother smilingly said, "Mine have been up six months."

But, after all, it was warm and cosy, pretty and conveniently near the center of interest to Sally. She and Jim enjoyed it until late spring. By June, Sally was, as she expressed it, "nearly suffocated." Accustomed to cool nights in the country, fresh breezes and airy sleeping porches, she could not sleep in the hot, stuffy, cramped quarters. She tossed all night, felt exhausted by morning and inert all day long. Her only escape was a daily trip to the family home. In winter, she had despised its loneliness, but now, in the spring, with the apple trees in blossom, with its greenness and growing things, its fragrance and coolness, it seemed heavenly. Her sister, Mary, suggested that they might as well move out, but her mother did not second the suggestion.

Sally and Jim took it upon themselves to find a new home. After a fatiguing week house hunting, after Jim's office hours, they found just what they wanted. It was selected according to their old day-dreams because of its air of grandeur and style and its imposing-looking entrance. It was let quite cheaply to them because of being slightly out of repair.

Sally was in ecstasies over its large, high-ceilinged, cool rooms, its roomy clothes closets and its remnants of elegance. It was fun for her and Jim to scatter their possessions about instead of cramming them in, and it seemed to them that their souls expanded accordingly.

After so fiercely hot a summer, the autumn seemed welcome and cool, but, one November day, the winter came in earnest. When Jim came home at night, Sally met him in the front hall with a sweater tightly buttoned over her woolen dress. "Didn't you nearly freeze, today?" she asked.

"No, I didn't notice it much. Why did you let the furnace fire go out? That's why you're cold."

"Let it go out?" said Sally wildly. "I've poked all day on the old thing and its going at its height, now."

"Well, that's that," said Jim amiably, "now, we really know why we got it so cheap."

By December the high-ceilinged rooms, great draughty halls, and ill-fitting windows made them think enviously of their snug little apartment. That winter they lived around the fireplace and, as they expressed it, had "cold backs" all year.

In the spring, young Jim arrived and all was radiant again. Sally's young head became filled with very definite ideas of plenty of sunshine, fresh air and vitamins. The baby, she decided, now that the weather was warm enough, should have a daily airing and should sleep in the open. However, she was soon grieving to Jim. "The porch is so close to the street that the children wake him as they go past; and, when he is able to crawl or walk, where on earth can we let him play?"

With the air of a discoverer, Jim said, "Let's look around for a house where he can have a playground and sandpile; a house that has a big wide porch with plenty of sunshine, where its quiet and he can sleep peacefully."

"And where he can have some pets," added Sally. He'll love animals in a year from now."

"A garden would be kind of fun," suggested Jim: "I get fed up on office work all day."

Sally and Jim, of course, would have liked an imposing-looking house, but they found buying a house quite a serious financial responsibility and so chose a roomy, sunny, comfortable house, certainly

not stylish looking, but pleasant and attractive, with a large lawn, gracious shade trees and flowers, and the house had a glorious south exposure with windows full of sunshine.

That night as they ate, from the cupboard shelf, a hastily improvised meal, and took turns with young Jim, who seemed to

have acquired a little colic from the house hunt, they planned ecstatically.

"Say, Sally," beamed Jim, "I wonder if your family would sell us that old wide couch, to go right under those south windows. It would be handy for the baby to lie on during the day, and we could have a great romp on it in the evening."

## THE UNLUCKY DRAW

BY ELMER A. GRAFF

It is thrilling to read or to hear of the hair-raising experiences of others, but to be the solitary, unwilling explorer of an uncanny cave, is many times more exciting.

The incident happened while our school was on a nature-study walk. Some of us boys, looking for new worlds to conquer, pushed on ahead of the less important nine-tenths of the school, and were soon out of their sight.

After gathering flowers, chasing chipmunks, lizzards, and rabbits, we finally found ourselves at the entrance of a large hole, into which a pursued rabbit had evidently disappeared. The opening dropped abruptly for about six feet, then formed an angle and extended back into the ledge and out of our sight. We felt that our quarry would be at the farther end of this opening, and decided that one of us should go after it. About this time all of us began to act rather strangely—much like the student who, unprepared, is seemingly much occupied when the teacher glances in his or her direction. The only way to find who should go into the gaping hole was to draw straws. I took my last draw; not so much for manner's sake, but thinking that surely the unlucky straw would be drawn before my turn came; but, alas! I was to go after the bunny.

Words cannot describe the agony of that eventful moment when, with legs dangling, I dropped the remaining few feet to the bottom of the shallow shaft. Before looking into the tunnel-like opening, I looked up to be perfectly sure that

the fellows were really close to the edge. Then I stooped and looked into the opening ahead of me. There is no word or group of words in the English language which could describe my feelings when I looked—not into the eyes of my expected prisoner—but into the gaping sockets of a human skeleton. I could not talk, not even whisper, but I must have looked like a ghost, for, on turning my face up to call for help, the four luckiest boys in the world turned and fled at full speed.

It would be useless even to attempt to describe my untold misery as I dug my bare toes into the little declivities in the sides of that terrible hole. By the time I had released myself from my predicament, my brave comrades had made themselves heard or seen, and the teacher was running rapidly towards them. A few minutes later I stammered out the findings of my recent conquest. Mr. H—— then proceeded to find out the truth or falsity of my statement, and discovered the skeleton of an Indian, which was covered with two decayed, rat-eaten blankets. An old saddle and rusty rifle were lying beside the remains.

With great care we succeeded in removing the entire contents of the cave and took them home with us. Of course, I was declared the discoverer and told my story for the hundredth time to many eager listeners. To say that my fear had now turned to a feeling of very great importance, is not belittling the situation; for I was proud, very proud, to have become so important while yet only a young man.

# Messages from the Missions

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." (Matt. 24:14.)

## NEW SOUTH WALES ANNUAL CONFERENCE

An inspirational annual event in the New South Wales district, of the Australian mission, was the conference held in the Enmore chapel, Sunday, January 29, at which President and Sister Charles H. Hyde were in attendance. President Hyde delivered a powerful address on the subject of "The Holy Ghost," which was enjoyed and appreciated by all present. Approximately three hundred persons at-

tended the three meetings of the conference, many of them being friends and investigators. We are now engaged in erecting a new chapel in Bankstown, a suburb of Sydney; the foundation stone was laid on January 28. We are encouraged with the progress of the work in this part of the Lord's vineyard — *Wendell L. Cottrell*, district president.



ELDERS OF NEW SOUTH WALES DISTRICT, AUSTRALIA

Front row, left to right: S. Ellwood Nebeker, mission secretary; Caroline S. Hyde, president of mission Relief Societies; Mission President Charles H. Hyde; Wendell L. Cottrell, president New South Wales district, all of Salt Lake City, Utah. Back row: Lowell A. Brown, Lehi, Utah; J. Earl Brown, Lehi, Utah; Edgar T. Henderson, Pocatello, Idaho; L. Earl Manwaring, Provo, Utah.

## ANNUAL CONVENTION IN SOUTH AFRICA

At the close of 1927, the missionaries of the South African mission met in their regular annual general convention. The principal theme of the meetings was, "Greater Efficiency in Missionary Labors." President Samuel Martin directed the acti-

vities, with the willing support and co-operation of all present. Our association with one another at the convention will make December 15 to 27 ever a period of pleasant recollection.—*Theodore R. Martin*, mission secretary.



ELDERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION

Seated, in front: Alfred J. Martin and Frank A. Martin, Ogden, Utah. Front row, left to right: Paul A. Thorn (released), Springville, Utah; Leo R. Jenson (released), Salt Lake City; Mission President Samuel Martin, Clara A. Martin, Ogden, Utah; Wm. Earl Hutchings (released), Springville, Utah; Noel G. Knight, Lehi, Utah, president of Cape district; Reed H. Beckstead, Sandy, Utah, president Port Elizabeth district. Second row: Theodore R. Martin, Ogden, Utah, mission secretary; Wm. B. Holland, Rigby, Idaho, president Kimberley district; Oral N. Beckstead, Preston, Idaho, president Natal district; Foyal L. Smith, Cardston, Canada, president Bloemfontein district; R. Earl Madsen, Ephraim, Utah, president East London district; Marion L. Allred, Ephraim, Utah, president Transvaal district; Rex C. Ellsworth, Safford, Arizona; Ray Wm. Ellsworth, Safford, Arizona; Wells L. Evans, Woods Cross, Utah. Back row: O. Layton Alldredge, Magna, Utah; Leroy H. Duncan, Centerville, Utah; Sheldon R. Free, Salt Lake City; Charles W. Larson, Centerville, Utah; Bertram J. Glynn, Karibib, Southwest Africa.

## BOOK OF MORMON IN PLACE OF TRACTS

The elders of the East Montana district, of the Northcentral States mission,

are working earnestly to convey the gospel message effectively, and are using the Book

of Mormon in place of tracts and small pamphlets. This method has proved very successful, and resulted in the placing of 429 copies of this sacred volume in the homes of the people between their December and March conferences. In the month of December alone, Elder A. N. Redding, of Los Angeles, California, disposed of 155 Books of Mormon, while Elder Clyde Ritchie, of Charleston, Utah, placed 150

copies. The Saints also were active in this work, and were successful in placing 75 copies of the Book to good advantage. Two of the elders are laboring among the Lamanite people in Wolf Point, Montana, and report encouragement in their efforts. The elders of the district hold cottage meetings every night of the week, with from forty to fifty in attendance.



Top row, left to right: Geo. W. Flamm, president Billings branch; A. N. Redding, district president, released; John G. Allred, president Northcentral States mission; Clyde Ritchie, district president; Harold L. Ward. Bottom row: Harvey J. Robbins, R. D. Anderson, Robert Hansen, Eli M. Tracy, president Tyler branch, Alton C. Bright.

#### MALMO DISTRICT HOLDS CONFERENCE

The Malmo district of the Swedish mission held their spring conference March 17 to 20, with all the meetings well attended by both Saints and investigators. The program rendered by the Sunday School made a favorable impression on friends and members alike. At the Sunday evening meeting, President Hulterstrom delivered an inspiring sermon on the Ar-

ticles of Faith, and strong testimonies were borne by the elders. The prospects are bright for continued progress in this district. The elders are looking forward with keen anticipation to summer work in the country. We appreciate the valuable information contained in the *Era*; we find it a great help to us in our labors.—Lloyd O. Stohl.





#### MISSIONARIES OF THE MALMO DISTRICT, SWEDEN

Sitting, left to right: Signe L. Hulterstrom, president of mission Relief Societies and writer of the *Nordstjarnan*; Eva Carlson, Lyckeby, Sweden; Gideon N. Hulterstrom, mission president; Heber J. Olson, district president, Virginia, Idaho. Standing: Oscar Olson, Midvale, Utah; Edwin S. Pearson, Salt Lake City; Lloyd O. Stohl, Salt Lake City.



#### AMONG THE WONDERS OF SWITZERLAND

Elders of the Berne District, left to right: George J. Ross, Louis M. Burgener, district president; Gordon B. Christensen, Kenneth Huber

# PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS



*All matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood in this department are prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.*

## FATHERS AND SONS' OUTING

We are now approaching the season of the year when we begin to plan our Fathers and Sons' outing. This outing takes us away in groups from our homes where fathers may watch their own sons, and, through observing the actions of his neighbor's sons, make comparison. Such gatherings afford a most wonderful opportunity to become acquainted with our boys' characters and to discover their weaknesses. Generally, such trips are enjoyed only once a year; few are privileged to go oftener. Because of this fact we sometimes fail to make the best of our advantage—to apply the lessons learned during our outing in follow-up work, day by day, throughout the year.

The present plan, recommended by the General Authorities of the Church, and which provides for gospel study on the Sabbath morning and for priesthood activities each Tuesday evening, offers an opportunity for fathers and sons to be together on each of these occasions. A father may discuss with his children the lessons for the day; help them prepare their minds for the work before them; he can go to Sabbath School with them; and on the way home, and perhaps at home, can question them concerning the work. This not only gives the father an opportunity to refresh his memory concerning the gos-

pel doctrine taught, but provides an excellent opportunity to become familiar with his children's thoughts and ideas. He can then help them to solve problems that may not have been made clear to them during the class period.

This same opportunity comes in the work outlined for the Priesthood-M. I. A. gatherings on Tuesday evening. Unless there comes into our lives an opportunity to apply the principles of the gospel learned, it means very little to us, for, after all, salvation does not come alone through having a knowledge of the work of the Lord, but through our ability to apply that knowledge to daily service for ourselves and our fellow-men. Because of our meeting together often in the capacity of class work, we are able to study and discuss these problems, gaining in our understanding of Church doctrine and discipline. And these provide activities which enable all to render a valuable service in the Church for themselves and their neighbors.

We hope that, with the coming of the summer months, those who are charged with the guidance of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums will keep this thought in mind, and see that there is no break in the priesthood activities during this time.

## FIELD NOTES

From the *London (England) Daily Mail*, April 16—Boy "Mormon's" Sermon—Deacon Jim Hill, Aged 13: Thirteen-year-old Deacon Jim Hill was the youngest preacher at a "Mormon" conference held yesterday at the Surrey Masonic Hall, in Camberwell New-road, S. E.

He sat on the platform, among nearly thirty other "Mormons," and was conspicuous by his bare knees and short trousers.

Deacon Jim Hill had the clearest voice, and of all the London "Mormons" who preached sermons on the Fourth Article of Faith, his was the most easily and convincingly delivered. Unlike most of the others, he did not refer to his notes once.

Jim Hill is regarded as a promising Latter-day Saint, and is already well on the way to a Priesthood which will entitle him to baptize converts.



# MUTUAL WORK



## THE PRIMARY JUBILEE

The General Superintendency and Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association express congratulations to the Primary Association of the Church on having attained its fiftieth anniversary; and we sincerely hope that the celebration of their jubilee will be a delightful occasion to them.

We also rejoice in the accomplishments of the fifty years that have passed. There is a very close tie between the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Primary; indeed, we have come to look upon the Primary as operating in almost identically the same field as the Mutuals; their service, however, is with the children under Mutual age, but doing very much the same class of work, and, in reality, they are the Junior M. I. A. They are preparing the hosts of young boys and girls in the Church to come into the Mutual

Improvement Associations for a continuation of their activity in the field of leisure time and recreation.

Therefore, we not only extend to them our congratulations, but assurances of our hearty cooperation with them in helping to perform this great service for the Church. May the Lord bless them in the coming years that they may ever grow and increase in good works, and in the proper application, through the Spirit of the Lord, of this the finest program that has been devised by inspired women in the field assigned to them by the General Authorities of the Church.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,  
RICHARD R. LYMAN,  
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

*General Superintendency*  
Y. M. M. I. A.

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## M. I. A. JUNE CONFERENCE

Our coming annual M. I. A. conference, to be held in Salt Lake City June 8, 9 and 10, is expected to be one of the most important gatherings in the history of our organization. The great interest taken throughout the Church in the new Priesthood-M. I. A. Plan and the new organiza-

tion of stake and ward leaders with their duties, etc., is claiming the attention of the entire organization.

We hope to meet as many delegates as possible from the respective stakes and wards of the Church.

### TENTATIVE PROGRAM

#### FRIDAY, JUNE 8

Conference Theme:—"The Abundant Life Through the Wholesome Use of Leisure Time."

8:00—8:45 a. m.

*Registration and Community Singing*  
(Tabernacle Grounds and Assembly Hall).

9:00—10:30 a. m.

*Joint M. I. A. Meeting:*

1. Greetings.
2. The new slogan.
3. New Priesthood-M. I. A. Plan.
4. New M. I. A. Organization Plan.

*Department Meetings:*

1. Executive Officers (joint) (Assembly Hall).
2. Music Directors (joint) (Y. L. Reception Rooms).
3. Community Activity Committee (joint) (Smith Memorial).
4. Adult Committee (joint) (Medical Arts Bldg.).

5. M Men and Gleaners (joint) (Top Floor Bishop's Bldg.).
6. Older Scouts and Boy Scouts (Top Floor Bureau of Information).
7. Junior Girls (17th ward).
8. Bee-Hive Girls (14th ward).

12:00 Noon

*M Men's Banquet.*  
*Judges' Luncheon.*

2:00 p. m.

*Department Meetings:*

1. Executive Officers to visit other departments.
2. Music Directors to visit other departments.

3. Community Activity Committee (joint) (Smith Memorial).
4. Adult Committee (joint) (Medical Arts Bldg.).
5. M Men (4th Floor Bishop's Bldg.).
6. Gleaners (Whitney Hall).
7. Older Scouts and Boy Scouts (Top Floor Bureau of Information).
8. Junior Girls (17th ward).
9. Bee-Hive Girls (14th ward).

5:30—11:00 p. m.

*Saltair:*

Bathing and Luncheon (5:30—7 p. m.).  
Contest Dancing (7:00—8 p. m.).  
General Entertainment (8:00—11 p. m.).  
Demonstration of new Contest Dance during intermission.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9

8:30—9:00 a. m.

*Community Singing.*

9:00—10:30 a. m.

*Demonstration of the M. I. A. in action:*

*Summary of:*

1. The Book.
2. The Project.
3. The Slogan.
4. Brief summary of program.

(Organization, equipment, leadership should be given a place in the presentation).

10:30—12:00 a. m.

*Contests:*

1. Drama.
2. M Men's Public Speaking.
3. Gleaner Girls' Public Speaking.
4. M Men's Quartettes.

12:15 p. m.

*Superintendents' and Presidents' Luncheon.*

2:00—3:30 p. m.

*Contests (Continued):*

1. Drama.
2. Male Chorus.
3. Ladies' Chorus.
4. Instrumental Trio.

8:00 p. m.

*Finals in Contests (Tabernacle):*

1. Contest events in Music.
2. Winners in Public Speaking.
3. Awarding of Medals.
4. Announcing of next year's contest events.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10

8:30 a. m.

*"The Abundant Life Through the Wholesome Use of Leisure Time."*

2:00 p. m.

*General Meeting under direction of First Presidency.*

7:00 p. m.

*Joint M. I. A. Meeting.*

## CLIMAX REACHED IN BOOK OF MORMON ACTIVITIES

The regular work of the Maricopa stake M. I. A. for this season was completed, and the climax to their Book of Mormon activities reached, with their recent presentation of a most interesting Book of Mormon program, in which all the wards of the stake participated. One of the most important parts of the program was a contest in the writing of poems and stories based on the theme of the evening,

and there were many contestants from the various ward organizations. Arthur J. Barnes, of the Phoenix First ward, won first place with his poem, "The Book of Mormon." A pageant, tableaux (in which some real Lamanites took part), "Gleanings" from the Book of Mormon, by Gleaners and M Men, and special musical numbers were features of the evening.

## NEW SUPERINTENDENTS

Arthur Wiscombe, of Roosevelt, Utah, was set apart on May 6, 1928, as superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. in the Roosevelt stake, succeeding C. Fred Whalquist, honorably released.

Robert H. Sainsbury, St. Johns, Arizona, is the new superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. in the St. John stake, vice Albert F. Anderson.

## A UTAH SCOUT IN THE U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE

BY JOSEPH E. SANDBORN, CRESSY FIELD, CALIFORNIA

"Look at it!" "Forty-five seconds!" "Swell pusher!" "Whoop, there she

goes!" Such were the cries as the model pusher plane swooped, having lost its speed, only to straighten out and continue its flight or glide until the frame touched the ground.

A group of men in jumpers and uniforms of the Army Air Service had been timing the model on its first flight. The proud owner and builder stood close by, his eyes sparkling, his face beaming, giving every sign of contentment.

Four months before, Lynn Albert Sandborn, pampered son of two doting parents, had joined the service. He was trying out his wings, like a fledgling bird, for the first time.

Bert had belonged to all the organizations for young men in the "Mormon" Church. He had also been an assistant scoutmaster of Troop 71, a member of the 145th Field Artillery, National Guard, and a member of the American Radio Relay League. He had studied radio transmission in his own home-equipped, amateur station.

He had gone from Salt Lake City to Portland, where he stayed with friends for two weeks, before the idea of joining the army came to him. A month's waiting at Vancouver Barracks for discharge papers from the Utah National Guard came next. The length of time bothered him little, for numerous rides in aeroplanes kept the routine from becoming tiresome. And then—down he

went to Fort McDowell, California.

It seemed a veritable prison at first,

where all recruits are broken in by exhaustive work. Up at 5:30, chow, two and a half hours' drill, chow, three hours at the end of a pick and shovel, chow, show, lights out at 9:00 p. m., up at 5:30 a. m., chow, drill—, routine. Every six days K. P., where he had to wash dishes, etc., for twenty-two men.



LIEUTENANT KELLY'S PLANE.  
CRESSY FIELD, CALIFORNIA

and sometimes there were as many as ten chows a day. That terminated at the end of one month, when they sent him to Cressy Field. There he became an official member of the Ninth Observation Squadron. The fourth night there he did guard duty. "Sunny" California showed itself in its true light. Rain and fog, plenty of both,—and this was "sunny" California.

A slip, a sharp wrench, and he found out what it was to be confined to quarters and have to use crutches. Three weeks of limping and he was installed in the Radio Department. The planes at the field carrying radio sending and receiving sets had made necessary a radio service department, and there was need of operators for land and air.

December came with an increase in pay, promotion and the haunting thought that Christmas had to be attended to. He started building gliders in his spare time at the hill station, which was now in his charge. Building models, buying presents, and cards, sending them away, and testing his models when completed, kept him busy until Christmas, and with Christmas came



rain,—and that reminded him that he was in "sunny" California.

During the holidays, he worked hard on his R. O. G. outdoor pusher. His work completed, he was testing it out on this day, January 2, 1928.

Bert stepped off the distance and found it had gone a hundred yards. Recovering the pusher, he walked back to where Lieutenant Marriner was standing.

"That was well worth seeing," said the officer. And then, "If she covered 100 yards with 125 turns, how far will she go with the full 850 turns?" Try it, Sanborn."

"The 850 turns! Yes, sir. But I've a hunch that breeze will cause trouble."

And putting his words into action, Bert immediately began winding up the left propeller, while Jack Pratt, a member of the radio department, wound up the right.

Then holding both props with his hands, and the pusher shoulder high, he thrust it out and up at the word of Lieutenant Marriner who was timing it.

The model rose fast, and the whine of the propellers was brought down to them by the breeze.

"Fifteen seconds."

Up, up, still climbing, 15-20 feet now.

"Thirty seconds."

Climbing yet ascending, seemingly, to the very clouds. It would shiver and swoop now, the breeze was fairly strong.

The pusher was now thirty feet.

"Forty-five seconds."

Still climbing, but not so fast.

"One minute."

The propellers are still turning over.

"One minute and twenty seconds."

Ah! what was that. The wind, with a sudden blast, has struck and turned the pusher's nose towards the bay. The propellers are dead. Up only forty feet.

"One minute and thirty seconds."

Will it drop quickly and land safely or will it ride on the wings of the wind out over the bay to be lost? There it swoops. Twenty-five feet.

"Two minutes."

Nobody can do anything, they stand there—it glides. It is over the bay now.

"Two minutes, thirty seconds."

Still going, ten feet now.

"Three minutes."

A slight splash and the model is lost forever. Eight days' work, one and a-half dollars cost, and an extra fine model; not wasted, but lost. Bert had gained experience, respect, and his own confidence; nothing wasted.

There he stood, happy and contented in the thought that he had found something that he liked—radio and model aviation.

A smile on his face, he looked off in the distance, thinking of—the future.

## FOR YOU

A red fez cap is colorful  
Against a sky-blue sea;  
But more than this are feelings  
That well up deep in me.

A little fishing boat of pink,  
A tan sail patched in grey,  
A sea as green as malachite,  
A wish to live each day!

Dear God, you've made such beauty,  
What can I say or do?  
I feel so small to all you've made—  
Ah, might I live for you!

## Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, April, 1928

STAKE	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders Enrollment	Advanced Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Advanced Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Advanced Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Advanced Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Benson	760	14	9	96	165	141	20	197	619	43	46	46		76	211
Box Elder	557	13	13	129	235	256	36	236	892	90	128	120	25	167	530
Cottonwood	747	10	10	122	160	190	40	320	832	116	416	180	36	260	1008
Deseret	521	12	11	114	216	165	20	194	709	80	115	103	16	116	430
Ensign	960	8	8	80	304	237	52	320	993	70	211	117	33	234	665
Gunnison	279	7	7	63	89	80		102	335	47	48	44		65	204
Liberty	1435	12	12	131	294	290	166	397	1278	115	193	160	91	285	844
Millard	344	8	5	38	72	93		86	289	28	34	45		67	174
North Davis	461	7	7	61	66	121	13	170	431	48	31	46	5	105	235
North Weber	640	14	12	78	58	167	17	204	524	57	41	67	10	117	292
Ogden	876	11	11	97	140	220	82	324	863	68	116	108	40	190	522
Oquirrh	483	6	4	47	64	83	26	104	324	34	33	30	10	58	165
Pioneer	746	10	8	69	109	131	81	153	543	47	58	63	37	81	286
Roosevelt	334	11	7	47	72	43	20	62	244	34	47	26	8	39	154
South Davis	526	8	8	66	145	168		232	611	56	93	96		177	422
South Sevier	333	8	3	24	33	21	9	56	143	13	7	7	6	23	56
Uintah	415	10	7	53	87	95	48	129	412	43	48	81	45	74	291
Weber	712	9	7	60	85	103	23	175	446	45	38	54	19	139	295
West Jordan	450	7	5	61	105	161	26	164	517	30	33	74	20	102	259
Burley	341	9	7	46	118	87	13	88	352	38	33	45	9	52	177
Franklin	434	11	11	95	126	119	13	174	527	66	66	70	7	13	222
Fremont	662	14	14	121	211	172	21	189	714	88	137	103	11	94	433
Idaho	146	7	6	57	37	22	10	51	177	32	18	11	6	38	105
Minidoka	244	8	4	29	59	48	9	57	202	25	23	21	5	26	100
Rigby	516	12	7	79	111	73	41	63	367	56	102	47	14	41	260
Shelley	318	9	7	70	78	75		98	321	42	32	30		43	147
Twin Falls	216	5	4	33	80	52		30	195	25	37	31		27	120
Yellowstone	377	10	8	54	88	66		56	264	36	56	48		35	175
Big Horn	318	6	2	42	91	89		62	284	11	4	63		2	80
Los Angeles	420	9	9	85	99	226		160	570	67	73	145		121	406
Maricopa	450	8	8	72	92	106		197	467	53	61	69		146	329
San Francisco	378	10	10	65	132	101	12	58	368	47	117	50	8	34	256
Snowflake	300	11	6	35	76	62	27	53	253	25	35	32	20	27	139
Woodruff	325	6	6	47	66	61	9	51	234	32	36	23	3	35	129
California Mission	510	25	20	159	254	141	18	178	750	109	168	96	12	100	485
German-Austrian Mis.	721	40	40	302	313	60		288	963	228	312	55		243	838
Western States Mission	114	8	5	34	26	77	17	54	208	25	10	72	11	34	152
N. W. States Mission	135	11	5	31	55	78	19	9	192	32	34	42	9	9	126

## Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, April, 1928

STAKE	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	M Men	Reading Book of Mormon	Era	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Off. Meeting	Ward Off. Meeting	Total
Benson	8	5	6	6	6	4	5	6	6	5	57
Box Elder	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	99
Cottonwood	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	9	10	10	97

STAKE	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	M Men	Reading Book of Mormon	Era	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Off. Meeting	Ward Off. Meeting	Total
Deseret	10	9	10	10	8	8	10	10	9	8	92
Ensign	10	10	10	10	10	8	9	7	10	10	94
Gunnison	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	99
Liberty	9	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	97
Millard	8	9	10	7	5	5	7	8	10	10	79
North Davis	9	8	9	9	7	4	9	10	10	7	82
North Weber	8	8	5	6	5	8	9	10	9	9	77
Ogden	10	9	9	10	10	8	10	9	10	10	95
Oquirrh	7	8	10	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	91
Pioneer	7	8	10	8	9	7	7	6	10	10	82
Roosevelt	7	9	4	1	3	5	5	5	6	5	50
South Davis	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
South Sevier	4	6	4	4	3	3	3	6	3	1	37
Uintah	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Weber	6	10	10	6	8	8	8	8	10	10	84
West Jordan	10	8	9	10	10	6	8	7	10	8	86
Burley	10	8	6	8	4	6	8	7	7	4	68
Franklin	10	6	9	8	8	10	9	9	10	9	88
Fremont	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	99
Idaho	10	9	10	7	6	7	9	9	10	10	87
Minidoka	8	7	5	4	5	4	3	5	5	4	50
Rigby	7	10	6	4	6	5	9	8	9	6	70
Shelley	10	7	10	9	9	7	10	9	9	10	90
Twin Falls	9	9	10	6	7	6	8	7	8	8	78
Yellowstone	7	10	7	6	5	8	8	10	10	8	79
Big Horn	9	4	3	3	3	2	3	2	3	2	34
Los Angeles	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	8	10	10	96
Maricopa	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	98
San Francisco	10	10	9	4	8	9	6	8	9	9	82
Snowflake	8	8	5	4	4	4	5	10	6	4	58
Woodruff	7	8	10	10	6	6	7	10	7	8	79
California Mission	10	10	8	8	8	9	9	9	10	7	88
German-Austrian Mission	10	10	7	6	3	---	9	2	3	8	58
Western States Mission	10	10	7	6	---	10	9	9	7	3	71
Northwestern States Mission	10	10	8	5	6	8	9	8	10	10	84

## HAS THE CHURCH A VISION?

The longer I live the more I am convinced that the Church for today and for the future is the Church of the Heavenly Vision. And I want to ask: Have we seen anything? \* \* \* Have you ever "beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth"? Are we still just going around exploring in the neighborhood of a Syrian grave, to see if we can reconstruct a civilization of two thousand years ago? Or have we seen the Lord, and are our own lives transfigured and transformed by the sight? For, for the days that are to come, the tremendous days of grave but glorious opportunity that are before us, I am confident in my own mind that the one thing that our land and the world is waiting for is the recovery of the vision of the glorious, living Christ for all mankind. And if there is any far-off resemblance of us to Him, and any sheen that reflects His glory, the world will see it and take knowledge of it and be convinced thereby. For the one unconquerable thing today is still the nobility of prayer, the sovereignty of purity, and the glory of self-surrender, and the majesty of "the powers of the world to come."—From *The Christian World Pulpit*, quoted in the *Millennial Star*.

# PASSING EVENTS



**Against War.** The British house of lords, on May 15, 1928, unanimously endorsed Secretary Kellogg's proposition to outlaw war. The vote was taken on a resolution introduced by Lord Reading, urging the government to accept the American plan. He said in part: "America has made the greatest step forward toward peace that has yet been taken. We should have no hesitation in following—there should not be room for thinking that there is hesitation in our acceptance of a treaty so simple and yet so wide and comprehensive." Another who spoke in favor of uncompromising acceptance of the American plan, was the Archbishop of Canterbury. "The proposal stands out as the most remarkable in the history of civilization," he declared. Sir Austen Chamberlain, the foreign minister, has already, in the House of Commons, announced that the government has accepted the American plan "in principle".

**Flood Control.** President Coolidge, on May 15, 1928, signed the Mississippi river flood control bill, thereby transferring to the federal government the task of curbing the menace of the flood waters of that great river. Heretofore the federal government and the states interested have cooperated in an effort to control the Mississippi; but as a result of the disastrous flood of a year ago congress decided to make the government alone responsible. It took congress five months to formulate a bill acceptable to all. It was, possibly, the greatest problem ever solved by our legislative assembly.

**Mrs. Sarah Jenne Cannon,** wife of the late President George Q. Cannon, passed away at the home of their son Preston, at Glendale, Cal., where she has lived the last few years. Last June Mrs. Cannon fell and injured her hip seriously. She has not been able to walk since then, but her cheerful disposition has never failed her. Mrs. Cannon was born Sept. 11, 1839, in Camden, Canada, and came with her parents to Nauvoo before the death of the

Prophet Joseph. She remembered having seen the prophet, as he preached to the people. In 1848 she came to the Salt Lake valley, having walked all the way from the Missouri river. On April 11, 1858, she became the wife of George Q. Cannon, and immediately moved to Fillmore before the entrance of Johnston's army into the Salt Lake valley. When the return was being made to Salt Lake City, Elder Cannon, who was in charge of the printing press of *The Deseret News*, was met at Payson by a messenger from President Young with news that he was called on a mission. Within an hour he was on his way leaving the young wife literally by the roadside. During the four years mission of her husband she supported herself and her child, Frank J., later to be the first senator from the state of Utah.

Her late years have been the peaceful sunset of an active life. In the mild climate of beautiful Glendale she has enjoyed her days of waiting for the last call. Her assurance of the hereafter and meeting with her loved ones was perfect. Telegrams of love came from her children on the morning of Mother's day. They were read to her. She understood them and a few moments later she fell serene and tranquil into the sleep of death. She is survived by all her seven children: Frank J., Angus J., Hugh J. Cannon, Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine, Joseph J., Preston J. and Karl Q. Cannon. She also leaves 50 other descendants, including six great-great-grandchildren.

**Turks Ordered to Take Family Names.** Reports from Angora, May 12, 1928, state that an act requiring the people to adopt family names is nearing passage by the Assembly. Consequently the Turks are wondering what names to take. The lack of such names has caused infinite confusion, as thousands call themselves the one same name, generally Mustapha or Fatima. Mustapha Kemal Pasha, Turkey's president, himself, was born simple Mustapha. He gained the Kemal when a school

teacher, impressed with his literary ability, added the name of Turkey's greatest writer, Namick Kemal.

*The American Peace Society* began its centennial celebration at Cleveland, Ohio, May 11, 1928, with a large attendance. This society was organized in 1828 by Wm. Ladd, of Maine, and David Low Dodge, of New York. It is non-sectarian and non-political. At its centennial congress it went on record as recognizing the inherent right of nations to arm for self-defense, but called upon all governments to see the moral obligation of outlawing war as an instrument of national policy. At the same session, the congress denied the "moral responsibility" of any government to protect the foreign investments of its nationals in countries "notoriously unsettled and disturbed." Twenty years ago the American Peace Society was represented in Utah by an active branch, sponsored by Governor John C. Cutler, and supported by men and women of all churches.

*War without a Declaration of War.* Severe fighting between Japanese troops and forces of the Chinese Nationalists was reported from Tokio, May 7. Japan is preparing an invasion of Chinese territory. Twenty transports are ready to carry 20,000 Japanese troops to Tsingtao. From Pekin it is reported that the warring Chinese factions are inclined to unite against Japan, and that arrangements are being made for a complete boycott of Japanese products. The Nationalist government has ordered the continuance of the northern campaign despite the Japanese complication. It has appealed for sympathy from other nations, and has telegraphed Hunan and Hupeh provinces to send heavy reinforcements north.

*Captain Wilkins flies over the Arctic Ocean.* Word was received in London, April 21, 1928, that Captain George H. Wilkins, the Arctic explorer, and his companion, Eielson, had landed at the Spitzbergen radio station, completing their flight across the Polar regions from Point Barrow, Alaska. They had first landed at an uninhabited island, Doedmansoeia, where they were laid up for five days

by bad weather. The explorers reached Spitzbergen after 21½ hours actual flying. They passed over a great deal of unexplored territory but saw no sign of any islands or land anywhere. Before leaving for Point Barrow, Wilkins said his course would lie about 300 miles to the south of the North pole, so that he could traverse a section of the globe never before seen by man. A thirty-day food supply was taken by the explorers in case they should be forced down far from civilization. After that, if they were lost, they had intended to depend on their rifles for a food supply while they "footed it" back to land. Eielson, who piloted the plane, was fitted for the work by years of flying in Alaska, where he flew the first airmail plane.

*Transatlantic flyers officially welcomed to Washington, D. C.* The German-Irish crew of the Transatlantic plane Bremen—Baron von Huenefeld, Captain Koehl and Major Fitzmaurice—were officially received in Washington, D. C., May 2 1928. They were acclaimed by thousands when they arrived at Bolling field and, later, dined at the White House. They were decorated with distinguished flying crosses by President Coolidge and warmly received by senators and representatives when they reached the capitol. From the White House luncheon, the fliers were taken to Arlington National cemetery, where they laid wreaths on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. In the midst of all the bustle they confirmed reports of their plans for a westward flight to include visits to Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, St. Louis and Ottawa, Ont., before they return to Europe as they came—by air. The three aviators left Baldonnell, Ireland, April 12, intending to land at the Mitchell field, New York. For some time they were lost to the outside world, and, when they were overdue, fears were felt for their safety. But then word came from the little island, Greenly Island, off Labrador, that they had landed there. They had spent 36 hours on the way and been driven out of their course by adverse wind and in a dense fog. In landing, their plane was very much damaged. A relief expedition under the direction of



Captain Floyd Bennett, who, however, passed away at Quebec, Canada, was sent to Greenly Island, and the Transatlantic aviators proceeded to New York and Washington in other planes. The three visitors were extremely lucky in landing on an island where they could find shelter in a lighthouse. If they had been forced down an hour sooner or later, they might have been swallowed up by the ocean or been lost in the wilds of Canada and never heard of again.

*Against the Swing-Johnson Boulder Dam Bill.* Senator Reed Smoot, on April 30, 1928, delivered a notable speech in the U. S. Senate against the Swing-Johnson proposition for a Boulder dam. He spoke for two hours and 45 minutes and held the attention of the senators from first to the last, because nearly every sentence was full of information on the subject. He showed that it was not proposed to build the dam for the sake of flood protection, as alleged, but to obtain power development, and that it was not worth the money asked for its construction. Were it built as proposed, he said, it would be the greatest menace to life and property, because it could not be made safe. "Never in his senatorial career," says a newspaper report, "has Senator Smoot spoken more effectively or more convincingly than today, when he riddled the arguments that have been advanced in support of the Swing-Johnson bill, and showed how impossible, from an engineering standpoint, would be the attempt to harness the Colorado river in the way proposed in the pending legislation."

*The Earth Still Growing.* According to a newspaper dispatch, dated Suva, Fiji, April 27, 1928, the Falcon Island, of the Tonga group, is again spouting lava and has grown to a length of two miles. After appearing above the waves in 1885, Falcon Island partially disappeared, but years later it was again upheaved. It is in latitude 20.20 south and longitude 175.20 west.

*Sandino Raids on American Gold Mine in Nicaragua.* Word has been received in New York that the "rebel" general, Augustino Sandino, on April 12, 1928,

raided the La Luz mine in the department of Prinzapolca, and that they took all employees, including Americans, prisoners. The mine is one of the largest in Nicaragua. It has been operated since 1905 and employs about 100 men.

A notable flight was that of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh from New York to Quebec, April 24, 1928. He covered the distance, almost 500 miles, in less than four hours, maintaining an average speed of over 120 miles an hour. The last part of the flight was made against heavy wind and snow sleet and with low visibility, but with his usual determination the Colonel went straight ahead and made a successful landing. The object of the flight was to save the life of a fellow-aviator. Mr. Floyd Bennett, who piloted Commander Byrd across the North Pole in 1926, was lying sick with pneumonia in the Jeffery Hale hospital, Quebec. He had been given command of a relief expedition to Greenly Island, off Labrador, where two German aviators stranded on April 13, in order to give them whatever assistance they needed. On the way he was stricken with lobar pneumonia and taken to the hospital. Special serums were ordered in New York, and Colonel Lindbergh was dispatched with the medicine. He made the trip as stated, but, unfortunately, he had not been given the right kind of serum, and his trip proved in vain.

*Floyd Bennett*, who accompanied Commander Byrd across the North Pole, died at the Jeffery Hale hospital in Quebec, April 25, 1928, of double lobar pneumonia. About an hour before he died he lapsed into unconsciousness. Shortly before noon Bennett's body was placed in an oak coffin covered with bronze. He was buried at Arlington by the side of Admiral Peary. As soon as Commander Byrd had communicated to the navy department that Bennett, who was a warrant officer, had died, he issued the following statement: "I am going through with the south pole flight. I want the flight to be a monument to Bennett. The plane to be used in the flight will be named Floyd Bennett."

*Religious Liberty.* The tenth synod of

the Episcopal church of the Province of the Pacific held its concluding session, May 11, 1928, in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City. President A. W. Ivins, in a brief address, welcomed the visitors, on behalf of the Church. At the opening of the meeting, the entire congregation recited the apostolic creed and the Lord's prayer. The Right Reverend Walter T. Sumner, bishop of Oregon, presided. The Reverend Alwyn E. Butcher, rector of St. Paul's church, acted as master of ceremonies. At the morning session, delegates passed a resolution recommending the senate committee on international relations to investigate further the proposed world court. Congressmen from the seven western states will be asked to support the resolution. Resolutions also were adopted favoring all proposals looking toward world peace and the outlawry of war.

*General Felix H. Robertson passed away.* April 20, 1928, at Waco, Texas, 88 years of age. He is said to be the last of the confederate generals. He was planning to attend the confederate reunion at Little Rock, Ark., in May. Resigning from the United States army while he was a senior in West Point because open hostility had broken out between the north and his home, the south, young Robertson returned south and was given a captaincy in the confederate ranks. He had given up his place at West Point under vigorous protest of his superior officers, who assured him that his skill and daring promised a brilliant military career. The young soldier participated in the shelling of Fort Sumpter and was a parade marshal when President Jefferson Davis was inaugurated. He participated in the Kentucky raids, as well as in the battles of Shiloh, Chattanooga, Murfreesborough, Fort Pickens and other major engagements.

*A Good Indian Woman.* Mrs. Martha Brown, a full-blooded Indian, passed away, May 10, 1928, at Price, Utah, in the home of Charles Johnson, one of her foster-children. Mrs. Brown was born on what later became the Uintah Indian reservation in 1840. She and her husband, James H. Brown, came to Price in 1880. The parents of Charles Johnson and his

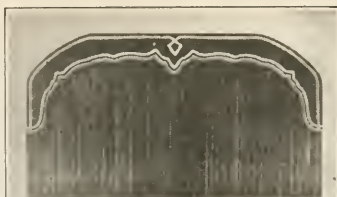
brothers and sister died, and the childless Indian couple took the children under their care. Brown died not long after and the family owe their upbringing to the Indian woman. Later Charles Johnson married, became father of several children and then was left a widower. Mrs. Brown also undertook to rear this family.

*Increasing the Indebtedness.* The taxpayers of Salt Lake City, on May 5, 1928, voted in favor of a bond issue, \$1,500,000, for the purpose of building and enlarging school houses in the city. A total of 4523 votes were cast, of which there were 2622 for the bond issue and 1901 against it, a majority of 721 votes in favor of the bonds. A high school of some fifty classrooms, comparable with those of the East and West, is contemplated. The school board now owns seventeen acres for the building and campus site of this school and the Whittier which adjoins. It is expected that the new senior high school will accommodate 1800 to 2000 students. The next major project is an addition of sixteen to twenty classrooms and other features, including an auditorium, gymnasium and cafeteria, at the Irving junior high school. Additions are also planned at the West junior, the Jackson junior and others. The Irving addition is planned for completing in September, 1929.

*Beneficial Life Insurance Company made participating.* The president and directors recently announced that, by unanimous vote of the entire stock, the Beneficial Life Insurance Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, is now converted into a participating company, effective January 1, 1928. They will distribute to the policy holders, beginning January 1, 1929, as often and in such amounts as is consistent with safety, all their future net earnings in excess of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent on the stockholders' investments. This participating benefit extends to all those now holding non-participating policies in the company as well as to the holders of participating policies. All new business will be written at the company's present low non-participating premium rates, but will be fully participating.

*The Pope not Interested.* Cardinal Mundelein from Chicago, who went to Rome with \$1,500,000 which he turned over to the pope as a contribution from faithful members of the church in the United States, in an interview dated Rome, March 18, 1928, says the pope is not interested in the campaign of Gov. Al. Smith of New York, for the candidacy of the U. S. presidency. According to the cardinal, "if a Catholic were elected president, it would not change things one particle." He added: "The Catholic church in America contends with no oppressive legislation, has no political axe to grind and lives and thrives under the existing form of government. Therefore, there is no reason whatever for it to take a partisan stand."

*Jesuite Retaliation.* Twenty Mexican educators touring California under the auspices of the International Council for educational progress were not welcomed at the University of Santa Clara, and the reception scheduled for May 8, 1928, was cancelled, according to a statement issued by Father C. J. McCoy, president of the university and a member of the Jesuite order.



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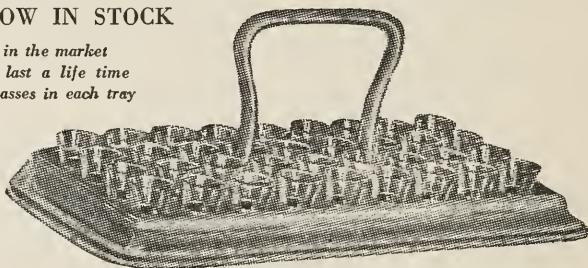
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Hush. He gave me a shilling too much change; I can't be mean."

\* \* \*

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"Well, lots of other men have done that."

"Yes, but see—he picked up a snake to bit it with."

\* \* \*

*Safe from Burglars*—A youth whose occupation keeps him from living in his home town returned home one day to find the family not at home. The doors being open he went in and waited but no one came. Before leaving he wished to give his mother twenty dollars. He safely hid the money and on leaving placed the following note on the table: "Have been home, be sure to look in the green vase on the clock shelf.—Bobby."

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"My car's name is Hen."

"Vell, if your car's name is Hen, did Chevrolet any eggs?"

\* \* \*

Servant: "The doctor's here, sir."

Absent-minded Professor: "I can't see him: Tell him I'm sick."

\* \* \*

"My husband gave me the most beautiful cut-glass water set for my birthday."

"Your husband runs to cut glass. He gave you your ring last year."

\* \* \*

Diner: "Give me a steak, iced tea and pie."

After a few hours the waiter returned with pie and hot tea.

Diner: "Where's my steak?" the diner demanded, "and why did you bring me hot tea when I asked for cold?"

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